OR

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXIX.—No. 1463.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1885.
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(65-416)

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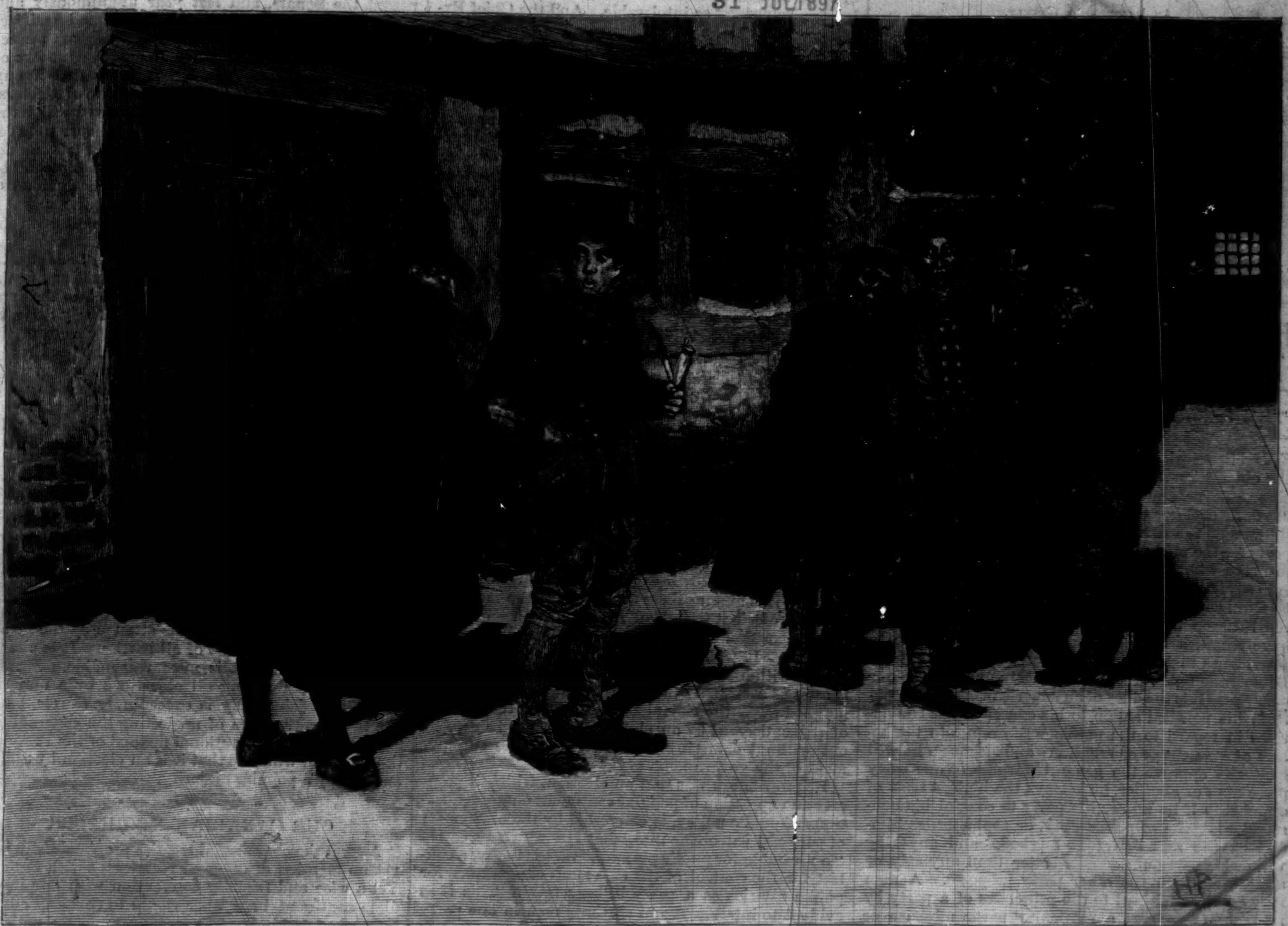

"MAYBE THE SNOW DEADENED HIS FOOTSTEPS, MAYBE IT WAS THE DEVIL."

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF CARL SPICH.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

PROLOGUE.

CARL SPICH spent New-Year's night with the devil.

This is what all Duffenburghen said and thought.

From that New-Year's night Carl's good fortune began, and it might have been because of this that his friends said that he spent the night with the Evil One, for a man's friends are apt to think that his good fortune comes not altogether from good sources.

Knowing everything about the matter, I will tell it just as it happened.

On New-Year's night of the year 1794 the great ball was given at the castle in the honor of the Grand-duchess Marie of Mechlin-Steinitz, who folks were all saying was to marry our young Prince Fritz.

To the ball we shall go; so put on your best manners, for we shall meet grand people, I can promise you.

I.

DUFFENBURGHEN, as all men know, is in the kingdom of Saxe-Duffenburg. It is a queer, cozy, quaint old town; most of the houses have tall roofs that reach high up into the air, and many of them overhang the street like flights of steps turned topsy-turvy. On the peaks of the roofs and in the tower of the old town-house the storks build every year, and no one thinks of troubling them.

But now it was winter-time. The storks had all left, and nothing remained but their nests, as empty as life when hope is gone.

At the time of which I write the good folks were a quiet, contented people, going their own ways prosperously, and troubling their heads about no man's business but their own, without it concerned a near neighbor.

This was the last day of the year 1793. The roofs were all white as though thick blankets had been spread over them; the snow lay in the street, and footsteps sounded dull as though every man was walking in feathers. But though the sound of steps was dulled, the voices of those who spoke echoed loudly in the stillness of everything. The air was biting and sharp and frosty, so that the thought of warm fires was pleasant to the mind. As evening fell the stars glittered frostily all over the dark sky, but by-and-by the moon arose, and with its white light snuffed them out one by one until only a few of the brightest were left. Then, as the light grew stronger and the moon rose higher, the street looked like an ink blot on one side and glittered like fairy-land on the other. Away in the distance stood the old castle of Duffenburghen, perched on its high rock overlooking the town spread out at its feet.

In the town the lights were bright against the windows, and by the shadows that passed across the curtains now and then you could see that merry doings were going on in each house.

At the town inn the great room was bright and warm, and the inn servants were busy carrying beer and pretzels to many people. Five good fellows sat around a table in the corner; they were Frederic Strauss, the shoemaker, Jacob Stein, the tailor, Wilhelm Fischer, the gilder, Heinrich Strutzenwaller, the clerk of the Town Council, and Carl Spich, the blacksmith. These five men had good voices, and were going to sing—God willing—before more than one house that night. They were now wetting their throttles with beer to make their voices the more mellow.

Carl Spich, the blacksmith, was a tall, long-legged, handsome fellow, rosy-cheeked and yellow-haired. He was betrothed to Catherine Betzen, and all men knew that he hoped to be married soon. If Carl took pride to himself for one thing more than another, it was that many men said that he looked exactly like the young Prince Fritz, son of his Serene Highness the Grand-duke.

The others of the five were such men as you might see at any cross-roads, only Jacob Stein, the tailor, who was as withered as a winter apple, excepting for his belly, which was as round as a stuffed pudding. But what Jacob Stein lacked in body he made up in voice, for he sang a mighty bass.

"Yes," said Heinrich Strutzenwaller, who had been speaking, "it is not every one who knows why this and that happen. It is only we who see the inside of the clock that know why the wheels go around."

Heinrich Strutzenwaller was talking of state matters, and was talking very wisely, for, being clerk of the Town Council, he was proud of his knowledge of affairs; wherefore all listened to him with much attention, he being a great man amongst little fellows.

But Carl Spich winked one eye and thrust his tongue into his cheek, for he too was a great man amongst his friends, and could ill bear to have another treading on his toes in the crowd, as the saying is.

"Yes, good," said he; "but many a child peeps into the clock, and yet he neither touches the wheels nor knows why they go around."

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

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"HOW HARTY'S HOPE CAME TRUE,"

by Kate Upson Clark. *These are illustrated by beautiful wood-engravings drawn by* H. P. Share *and* C. D. Weldon.

Part II. of "*Vivian's Christmas Journey,*" *by* Edward I. Stevenson, *concludes that imaginative trip.* "*Malachi Bigsby's Reform,*" *by* Harriet Waterman, *is a bit of fun with a negro boy as the hero.* "*In the First Flight,*" *by* Sherwood Ryse, *illustrated by* Gray Parker, *and* "*The Force of Need,*" *by* Howard Pyle, *add to the humorous part of this exceptionally bright number.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, January 3, 1885.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE Senatorial contest in New York shows that the old factional fight in the Republican party is as bitter as ever, and that the result of the late election has done nothing to repair the breach. The contest shows also the dangerous tendency to substitute the party for the principles and purposes of the party, and to make what is called "fidelity to the party"—that is to say, the unhesitating support of the "devil if he be regularly nominated"—the chief qualification for the Senatorship. The old Democrat who wished to have recorded upon his tombstone his gratitude to Providence that he had never voted anything but the Democratic ticket was not a typical man of sense nor a patriot. It is the duty of an American citizen to conform his political action to his conscientious convictions in regard to the public welfare, not to the behest of a caucus or convention; and although he will generally approve the general purpose of one party more than of another, he betrays the highest trust of citizenship if he allows his party to control his conscientious sense of public duty, or sophisticates himself by the assertion that anybody and anything which his party proposes is better than anybody or anything which the other party proposes. A man may be more faithful to the principles of a party by refusing to support a particular party measure or nomination than by sustaining everything merely because it has the party label.

The attack upon President Arthur as an unfitting candidate for the Senatorship, not because of his character, or public experience, or knowledge, or ability, or general identification with the Republican party, but because of "lukewarmness" in supporting a particular candidate, is an illustration both of the tendency of which we speak and of the vigor of the factional feeling. Mr. Arthur was the chief candidate in the Convention against Mr. Blaine. Immediately upon the nomination of Mr. Blaine, Mr. Burleigh, one of the most active of Mr. Arthur's friends, appeared upon the platform and read a telegram of congratulation from the President to Mr. Blaine. At the election the President came to New York and voted for Mr. Blaine. But it is asserted with ludicrous indignation that he did not speak at the proper moment to this or that official personage in the canvass; that he was never heard to express himself warmly; that some persons allied to him by marriage probably voted for Mr. Cleveland; that the President did not "intimate" a desire for Mr. Blaine's election; and more stuff of the same kind, which should make an honorable Republican ashamed of the contemptible things which are done in the name of his party. It is apparently not enough that a Republican did not oppose a candidate whom he may have thought to be an unfit and dangerous man for the Presidency, it is not enough that, whatever his opinion of him and of his nomination, he voted for him, but he must also have ardently professed a personal preference for him, and have declared that a nomination which he thought unwise, but in which he acquiesced, was the perfection of wisdom.

We presume, without any kind of personal information, that Mr. Arthur's position was that of thousands of Republicans who did not approve the nomination, but who supported it for the sake of the party. Such support can not be enthusiastic, but it may be honest, and it is very much honester than that support which sneers at conscientious opposition as sentimental and intolerable. If the thousands of Republicans who felt as we assume Mr. Arthur to have felt in the late campaign, but who voted for Mr. Blaine, are to be condemned as doubtful Republicans, what a very select party it will be! But Mr. Arthur's conduct as President was precisely what it should have been, except in permitting the performance of Commissioner Dudley and the excursions of Secretary Chandler. If the President had undertaken to use the power of the Executive patronage to promote the election of any candidate for any office, it would have been a betrayal of the highest public trust, and he should have been impeached. The interference of office-holders in elections was long ago denounced by Mr. Jefferson as intolerable. And the Chief Executive can not be too absolutely impartial in the conduct of his office during an election. His interference is a direct attack upon the honesty of elections by bribing voters with the emoluments of place. And if the President, in order to aid the election of a party candidate, may properly remove and appoint officers in the civil service, he may with equal propriety go upon the stump also and advocate the election of such a candidate. During the late campaign Mr. Arthur showed, as he has usually shown throughout his term, the highest sense of the dignity of his great office, and the assertions which are now made to injure him as a candidate for the Senatorial nomination should commend him the more to the favor of Republicans who are not mere political hucksters.

NON-PARTISAN REFORM.

When the Civil Service Reform Association was organized in 1880, and began the agitation which resulted in the passage of the reform act of January 16, 1883, there were strong Democratic declarations in favor of the reform. This was not to be attributed solely to the desire of an opposition to weaken the official patronage of a party in power, but to the honest conviction, which also was held by Republicans, that such a reform was desirable upon the highest considerations of public policy. A younger generation of Democrats was coming forward, which had no part and no interest in the ante-bellum Democratic traditions and policy growing out of the questions of slavery, and it is among these that some of the most earnest and efficient friends of reform have been found. The proposition of reform was in no sense whatever partisan. It would affect no party as such, but it would withdraw from all parties the power of patronage as a system of rewards and punishments. It laughed away the ridiculous theory that the change of policy decreed by an election could not be carried out without changing all the clerks in the employment of the government.

Its proposition was that an election, which is properly an expression of popular sentiment on great questions of public policy, is converted by the old system of personal patronage into what Henry Clay called "a scramble for public plunder," that is to say, a contest for the control of the enormous expenditure for public salaries as a party bribery fund. This is as evident to intelligent and patriotic men in one party as in the other, and the result is equally evident to them. It takes the government from the people, and commits it to a few party chiefs, and converts the employés of the government from agents of the whole people into servile bands of stipendiaries dependent upon the favor of politicians, and paid by the public money. This is the system which the reform breaks up, and how heartily it is supported in the Democratic party the expressions from all sides show. The extracts that we have published from controlling Democratic journals are quite as strong, and show as clear a comprehension of the scope and significance and method of reform, as we have ever seen in Republican journals. The Bourbons in both parties, of course, scoff and sneer. But the reform has gone marching on over Bourbonism, and it will continue to march. It is the one vital measure which appeals to-day to the earnest sympathy and support of the best men in both parties.

A recent striking proof of the remarkable progress of opinion upon this subject is that of the Legislature of South Carolina. A concurrent resolution was passed in the session of 1880 requesting the Senators and Representatives of the State in Congress to aid in the passage of measures which would provide that the tenure of office in the civil service should no longer be dependent upon party success, that public employés should not be subject to political assessment, and that capacity and character should be the test of fitness for office, and the sole but certain guarantee of its tenure. The Legislature has now unanimously declared that, in view of the change in the administration of the national government, it desires to reiterate and re-affirm the principles and policy of the resolution, and that it tenders the President-elect the approval and support of the people of the State in carrying out the provisions of the law in regard to civil service reform, and it requests the Governor to forward a copy of the resolution to the new President when he shall have been inaugurated. No Republican Legislature has ever made so unreserved a declaration in favor of the national reform, and there seems no reason to doubt that the reform sentiment in the Democratic party will assert itself not less vigorously and effectively than the same sentiment in the Republican party.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

The culpable neglect of Congress to provide a method of counting the electoral vote will happily not issue in a catastrophe this year, because there is no question of the result, and there will be no contest. But there were some days after the election in which it seemed that the country might have serious reason to deplore the apparent incapacity of Congress to deal with this subject. The bill which has twice passed the Senate, and last year unanimously and without debate, is simple, reasonable, and satisfactory. It leaves to both Houses of Congress perfect freedom of action, and secures no party advantage of any kind whatever. The bill provides that if any State fails to determine who are its lawful electors, only those electoral votes shall be received which the two Houses, acting separately, shall concurrently decide to be the lawful votes. But if the State has decided, and only one certificate is presented, it shall be rejected only by the affirmative vote of both Houses.

Mr. Eaton, a Connecticut Democrat, interposed a bill of his own, which prevented agreement upon the Senate bill. Mr. Eaton is now reported as saying that he shall press his bill, and if it is not adopted he proposes to introduce a resolution providing for the appointment of tellers to count and declare the vote, and if objection is made to the vote of any State, he proposes to dispose of it by a majority vote of the united Houses. This is a plan to swamp the Senate, and if its principle be correct, there is no reason whatever why the Senate should be called upon to act at all. Either it should take no part, or its equal rights as the especial representative of the States as States should be respected. There is a suggestion which is sometimes made that the Constitution, having intrusted the election to the House in a certain contingency, has selected the House as the important body in the decision. But this view overlooks the fact that the electoral count is a procedure to determine, among other things, whether that contingency has arisen.

It is fair to assume that the Senate will not assent to any plan which deprives it of its just rights in this important matter. The excellence of the scheme which it has twice approved is attested by the hearty acquiescence of Senators of all parties. It is plainly constitutional, and it is most reasonable. Mr. Eaton's plan of deciding all objections by a majority vote of the joint body is exceedingly simple, but it has the disadvantage of neglecting the essential distinction of the constitutional method of the Presidential election, which is that it is an election by States, and not by a popular majority.

OUR CANADIAN NEIGHBORS.

Among the commercial treaties proposed there is as yet no mention of renewed reciprocity with Canada. Yet a wise and friendly convention with our immediate continental neighbor would have many advantages of many kinds. The recent commercial policy of Canada, with the limited range of Canadian production, has not shown satisfactory results. Mr. Hardy, Provincial Secretary of the Ontario government, recently said that the tariff question is again coming up for settlement, and that Canada wants a reciprocity treaty with the United States. America, he thinks, should have a great system of continental free trade, and protection against the outside world. Such views naturally tend to a favorable feeling toward actual annexation with the United States, and Mr. Hardy says that he is assured of a strong under-current of such feeling, especially among Canadian manufacturers. This feeling is said to exist in the maritime provinces, and especially in Manitoba, which is by nature closely related to "the States."

The annexation feeling is so vigorous in New Brunswick that at a late meeting of the Board of Trade in St. John it was thought best to introduce a resolution of opposition to it, and the debate upon it showed a strong conviction, in the words of one of the disputants, that colonial relations are not favorable to the development of a country. He added that Canada requires a treaty-making power, and that it needs fair trade with the United States. The plan of imperial federation which Sir John Macdonald favors provides for colonial representation in the British Parliament, and for common colonial contributions for colonial defense, so that Canada would aid pecuniarily in furnishing discipline for Zulus and Arabs. This is not a plan likely to be favored, and is well described as "a spasm of reaction."

Instead of a partial reciprocity treaty, therefore, when Canadian relations come up for consideration, it would be well to reflect whether commercial union might not be a wiser policy. Canada, indeed, promises to be the dependent country, whose destiny will be determined by normal influences and by its real wishes.

England would not oppose a sincere desire for Canadian independence, and the United States will not seek to annex or to absorb. But if a possible possession of Nicaragua by a European power makes our protectorate of that nondescript country desirable, a friendly ascendency in an adjoining country of our own race and language is certainly worthy of careful meditation.

THE PARDONING POWER.

AN interesting paper upon the Pardoning Power was read in September, at Saratoga, before the National Prison Association, by Professor FRANCIS WAYLAND, the Dean of the Yale Law School. It is a brief but thorough treatise upon the subject, and considers where the pardoning power should be lodged, and how it should be exercised. Professor WAYLAND defines a pardon as a remission of the penalty imposed by a court of justice, and this is a more accurate definition than has yet been given, as is shown by an analysis of that of Chief Justice MARSHALL, which is generally accepted. In twenty-eight of the States this power is conferred by the State Constitution upon the Governor; other delegations of the power are to the Governor and a council, or to the Governor and the Senate, or to the Governor and certain law officers of the State, or to the Governor and other high State officers. In many States the Governor reports or files a list of pardons with the reasons, and the pardons may be absolute or conditional.

In considering the question where the pardoning power should be lodged, Professor WAYLAND remarks that, from the general conditions of a legal trial, there is always and justly a strong presumption of the guilt of a convicted prisoner. Consequently, as a hearing for pardon often involves a consideration of the value of the evidence, the tribunal of pardon should have a judicial element; as there is often a plea of insanity, there should be in the tribunal an expert in mental disease; and as convicts can often command political influence, the tribunal should be superior to partisan consideration. But as these qualifications are seldom combined in one person elected by popular vote, it is obvious that the wisest plan is to intrust the pardoning power to a Board of Pardons. This is the practice in Connecticut, which has established a board, composed of the Governor, a judge of the Supreme Court of Errors, and four persons appointed by the General Assembly, one of whom must be a physician. The actual members at present are, besides the Governor and judge, a physician who is an expert in mental disease, an editor long interested in prison management, and two prominent lawyers. The practical results of the action of the new tribunal, as compared with those of a few previous years, are shown by the fact that in 1879 the percentage of petitions to pardons was 22; in 1880, it was 20; in 1881, it was 13; in 1882, it was 21; and in 1883, it was 7½. The most careful and intelligent way is always the best way.

In considering the question of the exercise of the pardoning power, Professor WAYLAND lays down a few fundamental postulates. Society justly insists upon adequate protection from convicted criminals. The presumption of innocence does not survive a verdict of guilty, and the deterrent element of punishment lies mainly in its certainty. The object of imprisonment is to protect society by confining and reforming the criminal. Yet real reform is improbable in a prison where there is no systematic individual treatment. Now as the desire to escape punishment will be greater than ever after punishment has begun, every exculpating statement for the convict must be rigorously scrutinized. Petitions, therefore, however numerously or respectably signed, should be disregarded unless the signers will submit to an examination in open court to show what they know of the matter. Proof of good character may mitigate the original sentence, but it should generally have little weight with the Court of Pardons. Good conduct in prison may be rewarded by a fixed remission of time in the penalty, but it is not proof of reformation. The plea of incurable illness should be most searchingly investigated. If innocence of the crime be established, immediate release is the prisoner's right; and it seems only fair, although Professor WAYLAND does not suggest it, that some solid recompense should be made for the huge and injurious wrong which has been done. So, if beyond doubt the sentence was too severe, some mitigation would be proper, and for fidelity to duty in seasons of peculiar peril in the prison some consideration would be but fair. Professor WAYLAND'S long and intelligent attention to the prison question has given his words an authority which will be enhanced by this excellent little essay.

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

THE House of Representatives has concurred in the Senate bill which appropriates $40,000 for the completion of the Saratoga Monument. The bill was in charge of Mr. WEMPLE and Mr. COX, to whom the State is greatly indebted for their friendly and effective advocacy of the measure, and the bill was taken up by unanimous consent and passed. Congress had previously given $30,000 for the purpose; the State has given $25,000, and $10,000 have been raised by private subscription.

The monument is completed, and there remain only to be finished the statues of SCHUYLER, GATES, and MORGAN, and the entablatures within the shaft. The remaining expense, it is expected, will be met by a State grant, and then the most important Revolutionary monument in the State of New York will be fully completed.

There is no spot in the State and no event in its history more worthy of commemoration than the famous surrender of BURGOYNE. As Mr. COX truly says, "it dominates all," for it was the culmination and decisive event of the great contest. We observe that Mr. W. L. STONE, the indefatigable Secretary of the Monument Association, and the historian of the event, has received from the Earl of Carnarvon, whose ancestress, Lady HARRIET ACLAND, accompanied BURGOYNE'S army, and whose memoir was written by Mr. STONE, a small gold-embroidered slipper which was worn by that lady. There will be no room of trophies in the monument, or Mr. STONE might well display his Cinderella treasure, a token that the hostile feelings of the renowned BURGOYNE campaign are passed, let us hope, forever.

A *CHEF* INDEED.

A CORRESPONDENT in London sends a good story which is told at the clubs. Lord DUFFERIN, ambassador at Constantinople, wrote to COOK, the famous guide of "tourist" parties all over the world, to come and move him and his legation to England. COOK replied that nothing would give him more pleasure, but that unluckily he was at the moment engaged in moving Lord WOLSELEY and the British army to Khartoom! Our correspondent adds that there will soon be COOKS who will take contracts to carry on wars.

A SEASONABLE SERMON.

THERE will be many excellent New-Year's sermons preached all around us—and may we all listen and heed! But there will be none more excellent or more seasonable than the little story by Mrs. ROSE TERRY COOKE, called *The Deacon's Week*, which PUTNAM publishes. It is a little homily of practical Christianity preached with that insight and skill which distinguish the author—a sermon to be read in ten minutes, and its keen humor and pungent practicality make it as serviceable as some much longer discourses of a more serious form.

COLONEL HIGGINSON IN THE "BAZAR."

OUR most esteemed contemporary HARPER'S BAZAR offers another and signal attraction for its new volume in the series of papers by Colonel T. W. HIGGINSON upon "Women and Men." An accomplished and charming writer, master of a brilliant and incisive style, he is also a man of shrewd observation and of strong convictions, who belongs to the church militant of letters, and his readers may be sure not only of entertainment, but of spur and stimulus from his nervous pen.

It is, as "An Old Bachelor" knows, a delightful audience to which he will address himself—an audience which looks to the BAZAR not only for elucidation of those mysteries which pertain exclusively to the adornment of woman, but for pleasant, humorous, suggestive, and even learned conversation upon the higher interests common to men and women, which will be the substance of Colonel HIGGINSON'S brief discourses.

Indeed, the BAZAR is unique among special journals for its happy treatment of its "specialties." It reflects the character of the myriad firesides at which it is a stated visitor, in its discursive sweep of topics treated with that light and free-handed touch which arouses no fierce contention and strikes no dissonant note. If it be the misfortune of any reader of the WEEKLY not to know familiarly its urbane contemporary the BAZAR, the WEEKLY begs to observe to him that he could never make its acquaintance under pleasanter and more favorable auspices than those of the beginning of Colonel HIGGINSON'S papers.

PERSONAL.

IT is a cause for regret that the severe illness of the Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, of Boston, will prevent him from delivering the address that he has prepared for the dedication of the Washington Monument. Thirty-seven years ago he commemorated the laying of its corner-stone by an oration of great brilliancy, and he has long been one of the foremost American orators of the classic school, of which the late EDWARD EVERETT was a conspicuous member. Several years ago Mr. WINTHROP told the present writer that a prime maxim of success was to "go slow in the exordium."

—It is the golden age of the novelist. CHARLES DICKENS lies buried in Westminster Abbey, and CHARLES READE is to have a memorial church in Willesden, England.

—Governor CLEVELAND to Mr. O. J. COUGHLIN, of Binghampton, New York: "I am averse to gifts naturally, and if they are from a stranger, I can see no reason why they should be bestowed. My election to office merely obliges me to perform the duties of such office for the compensation allowed. I thank you none the less sincerely for your kindness, while I say I must decline your gift. I will return the same by express to-morrow."

—A heroic statue in honor of the late Rear-Admiral DUPONT has been erected in Washington. The old sailor stands erect on the quarter-deck, dressed in the uniform of his rank, and holding a marine glass. Senator BAYARD, at the unveiling, pointed out that the work was in the line of public justice and proper recognition of the unselfish devotion of the individual for the welfare of the community.

—The late DAVID LYDIG SUYDAM had the distinction of being the only rich New York merchant who retired from business in his thirty-first year, and for forty years afterward was absolutely out of business. One of his intimate friends was GEORGE PEABODY, the philanthropist, whom he resembled in his spirit of benevolence, in his fondness and aptness for entertaining, and in his knowledge of other lands than ours. His ancestors settled on Long Island two hundred years ago. He was an old volunteer fireman, and used to speak of it with pride.

—The ex-Empress EUGÉNIE is building for herself a beautiful mausoleum, not in France, but in England, in the town of Farnborough, whose inhabitants are very fond of her, partly because she goes out shopping and is kind to their poor.

—General W. T. SHERMAN was the central figure at the latest banquet of the New England Society in New York city, and the large number of distinguished members and guests cheered him so heartily that the old soldier was visibly affected. He is modestly of the opinion that "the Brooklyn Bridge surpasses any work that ever emanated from the human brain." He is, perhaps, the most unambitious great man that this country has produced. He spoke of himself as "an old man with many grandchildren and other young ones to attend to."

—TOURGUÉNEFF'S opinion of SARAH BERNHARDT has recently been made public in his memoirs. The distinguished French actress always reminded him of a toad, and he could see little in her but an aptness for grimaces, for mouthing, and for posturing. TOURGUÉNEFF never would have become famous as an artist were his portrayals in general characterized by so little sense of proportion.

—Madame RISTORI comes back to America with all the old fire and ambition, but both she and we have changed. She is older, and, as is always the case at her time of life, the means of expression are fewer and less subtle. Besides, she has to contend with a language not her own. As for us Americans, our histrionic ideal has become higher, especially of late years, and through such work as Mr. IRVING'S. We care less for the classics, too. But RISTORI'S fame was justly earned, and is secure.

—The old volunteer fireman of the city of New York is still a type of gallantry and dash in saving human life. Mr. D. B. SCHOFIELD, on the morning of December 18, while going down town, saw Mrs. EVA HUNTER at a third-story window of a burning house, her escape cut off by flames below. No one in the crowd dared to pass through them and attempt her rescue. SCHOFIELD did so, at the risk of his life, and brought her down to the street on his shoulders. There are hundreds of similar instances in the *Story of the Old Volunteer Fire Department*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS.

—Madame SCALCHI, in her suit against Manager ABBEY for arrears of salary, has introduced the world to the interesting fact that a *prima donna assoluta* can not sing well or safely two hours after eating a hearty meal. She proved the fact by the testimony of several eminent singers, among them Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

—One of the best-known art critics in this country declares that the lucubrations of his brother critics disturb his feelings to a greater extent than do the works of artists whom he is called upon to criticise, and that he makes it a matter of duty to "go for" the former persons as often and as vigorously as he conveniently can.

—Princeton College suffers a loss in the resignation of Mr. GEORGE GOLDIE, for fifteen years instructor in athletics, who has been called to the superintendency of the New York Athletic Club, at a salary almost double that which he has been receiving. Professor GOLDIE is an accomplished gymnast, an apt teacher, and a modest man of unsullied reputation. Hundreds of his old pupils now in this city will be glad of the change, but sorry for Princeton, whose annual gymnastic contests have long been one of the most interesting features of Commencement week.

—Mr. C. W. BIRD, captain of the Princeton foot-ball team, has written an interesting letter in which he asserts that the late contest with the Yale team was "free from brutality and foul playing of every description beyond any game that I have ever played in. The Princeton team came out of it in as sound a shape as it entered it, the reason being the perfect physical condition of the men, and their dependence on skill, not weight. Foot-ball is a rough game, but for men in condition it is as safe as puss-in-the-corner."

—Now that the Commercial Cable Company has started out in business, and reduced the price of messages to London to forty cents a word—the charge was five dollars in 1866—the public have reason to thank Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT for a new display of that magnificent enterprise which sent STANLEY to the heart of Africa and the *Jeannette* expedition to the polar seas.

—Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES describes the late N. P. WILLIS as "something between a remembrance of Count D'ORSAY and an anticipation of OSCAR WILDE."

—Prince BISMARCK informs the German Reichstag that his clerks work from eight o'clock in the morning until midnight, that they are excellent lawyers and linguists, that they are absolutely trustworthy, and that he pays them much less than they would ordinarily earn in private life.

—Mr. JACKSON S. SCHULTZ, who has long been prominent in administrative reform, is more than six feet high, well-proportioned, of commanding presence, frank, genial, enthusiastic, and resolute, a trusted leader in great political crises, but a scorner of political office. As a leather merchant he has acquired a large fortune. He is one of the founders of the Union League Club, and possesses as much hard common-sense as any man in the country. He distinguished himself the other day in the Chamber of Commerce by pronouncing the doctrine that "foreign markets are of doubtful advantage to the American producer" to be "cranky."

—Two distinguished foreigners now sojourning in this country have announced the possibility of their becoming American citizens—Colonel MAPLESON and Professor RICHARD N. PROCTOR. At present these gentlemen are subjects of her Majesty the Queen of England.

—Dr. FORDYCE BARKER has had a fine triumph over his enemies, who tried to prove that he had told an untruth in saying that he was a graduate of the Paris École de Médicene. The doctor is a leading authority throughout the civilized world in matters of gynecology, and both physically and professionally is a notable figure; but doubtless he never knew until now how many warm friends he has.

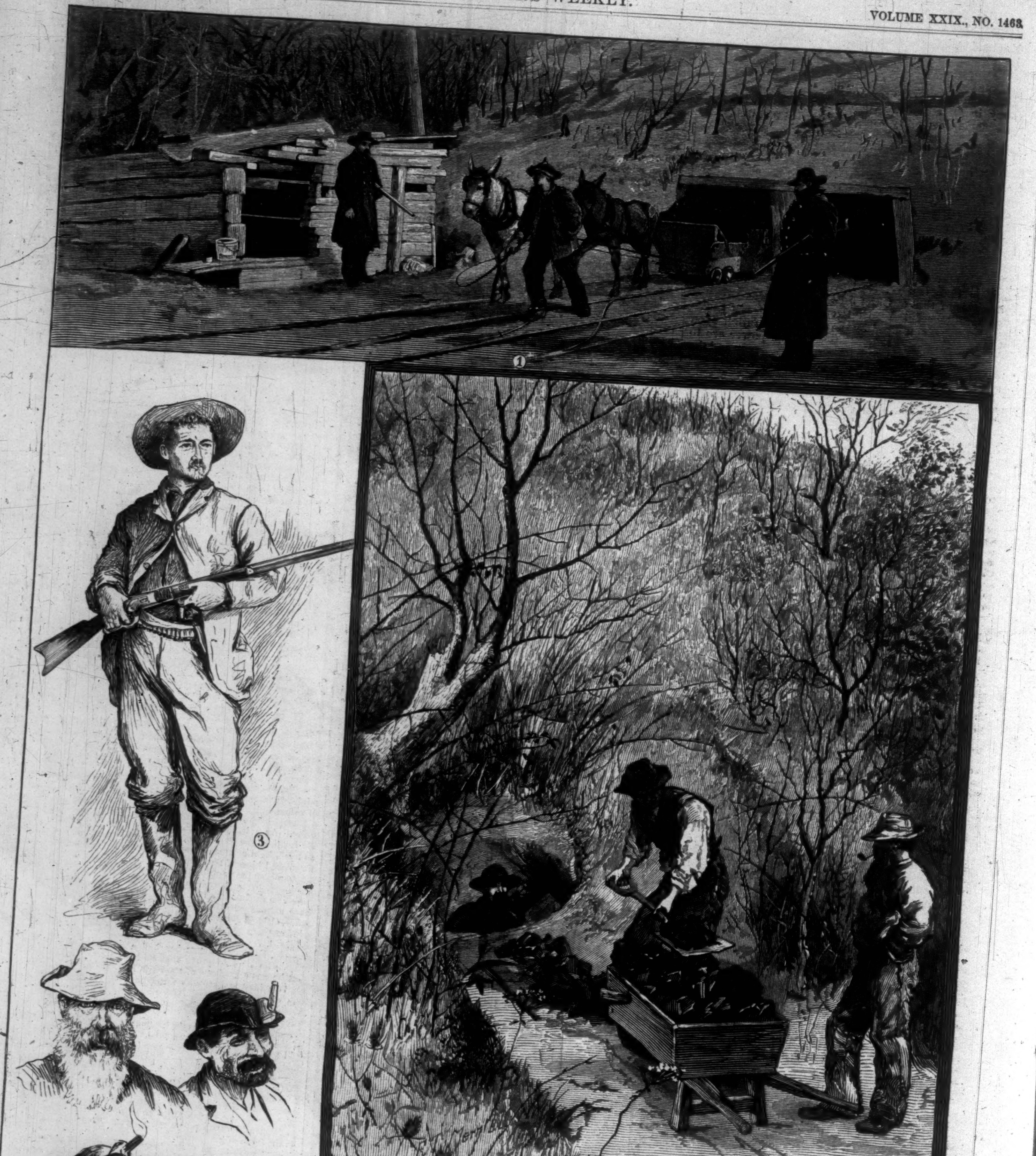
—Mr. E. L. MAJOR has the honor of securing the first scholarship of the HALLGARTEN-HARPER fund. He is in his twenty-first year, and for two years has been a pupil of the Art Students' League in this city. He will hold the scholarship for two years.

—M. ZOLA, in a preface to a republished early work, tells a pathetic story of his sufferings at the beginning of his literary career, especially how he was actually in need of bread, because he could not sell what he had written. The turn in the tide came when he made a contract with an editor of a Marseilles newspaper to furnish him with police reports at two cents a line, to be used as the basis of a romance.

—"The Prince of Wales," says the London *World*, "was absent from London for weeks together last summer. The consequence was that the season was a failure, and the entire social system was dislocated. Nobody knew what to be at or what to do, because the Marlborough House ideal was not visible."

—Mr. FREDERIC VINTON, the librarian of Princeton College, has prepared a subject-catalogue of its library of sixty thousand volumes, which the expert, not less than the general reader, will be likely to appreciate at its full worth. The work is not a clerk's catalogue of names, but a librarian's catalogue of topics. The trustees of the college, who called Mr. VINTON to his present position some ten years ago, deserve to be congratulated on having found the sort of man they were looking for. He had already had excellent training in the Congressional Library at Washington.

—Mr. JOHN G. WHITTIER says of "Snow-Bound": "It was written after two beings had passed away whom I loved devotedly—my mother and my sister. It is in one sense a memorial of them, and as I could not dissociate them from my home, the poem became a narrative of my early days in Haverhill. The physician referred to was my old friend Dr. THEODORE WELD, of whom I also speak in the prelude to a little poem, 'The Countess,' and the young woman is Miss HARRIET LIVERMORE, the daughter of Judge LIVERMORE. I became acquainted with her while she was stopping at Dr. WELD'S house. She was highly gifted and eccentric, but very strong-minded and willful, and was always a religious enthusiast."



THE STRIKE IN HOCKING VALLEY.—DRAWN BY FRANK T. MERRILL.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

1. Mouth of the Mine at Buchtel. 2. Strikers getting out their Winter's Coal. 3. On Guard. 4. Types of Miners.

ADRIAN VIDAL.

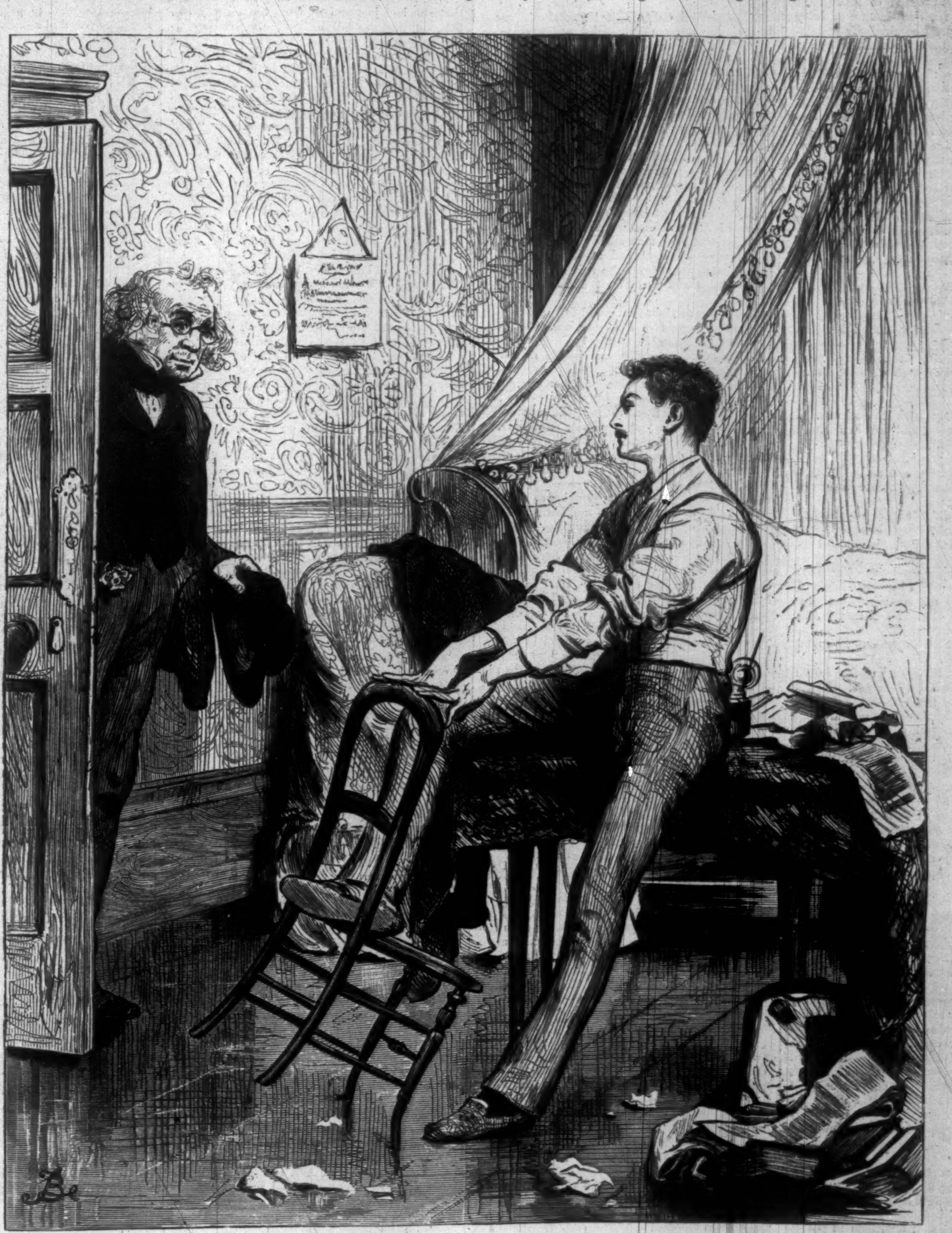
BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER.

A YOUNG man was sitting before a writing-table in his bedroom at that overgrown caravansary, the Schweizerhof, at Lucerne. By his elbow lay a burned-out pipe; a few books of reference and various scribbled notes surrounded the blotting-book over which he was bending; while beneath his hand a blank half-sheet of foolscap was waiting—and had, indeed, been waiting some little time—to receive the first strokes of the hovering pen. But the pen continued to hover dubiously; the hand that held the pen shook; the brain which should have been conveying directions to the hand was worried and unmanageable, as well it might be. For of all positions in which an author can choose to place his writing-table, that beside an open window overlooking a glaring lake is probably the least advantageous, and of all buildings a hotel is about the most unsuitable for the work of composition. Again, of all hotels the Schweizerhof is one of the busiest; finally, of all towns in Christendom Lucerne is quite the most distractingly noisy. Church bells jangle and boom there perpetually; steamers shriek, carts rattle over the stones, porters, forever loading and unloading omnibuses, yell at one another, and the proprietors of the hotel—fearing, no doubt, that these cheerful sounds may not suffice to keep up the spirits of their guests—have not shrunk from adding to them a full private band, which scrapes and tootles indefatigably beneath the windows. From early morning to midnight, or near it, the hubbub rages, until one ceases to wonder that the poor clerk, feverishly totting up accounts in the *bureau*, should look so like an escaped lunatic.



"YOU COULDN'T OBLIGE ME BY TELLING ME THE NUMBER OF MY ROOM?"

The author on the second floor was already beginning to display points of resemblance to that overworked official. His face was haggard, his sighs were piteous to hear, and his fair hair would have been dishevelled if it had been long enough. As it was, he had only succeeded in rubbing all trace of a parting out of it, and causing it to stand up in abrupt tufts here and there, so that any one who had not known what he was about might have supposed him to have just tumbled out of bed. For the rest, he was a good-looking young fellow enough, his forehead being broad and square, his nose straight, and the gray eyes beneath his somewhat arched brows large and expressive. A slight mustache hardly concealed his mouth, which a physiognomist would at once have pronounced to be the mouth of an artist or an imaginative writer. A practiced physiognomist might, even at this early period of Adrian Vidal's career, have seen reason to place him in the latter category, for he bore certain outward signs of the nervous literary temperament, and already upon his forehead were faintly traced those horizontal lines which the plough of Time so soon deepens into furrows. The lines were rather more perceptible than usual just now, owing to the causes above alluded to.

"Why, one might as well be in London, you know," he exclaimed aloud, addressing himself in a tone of gentle remonstrance to space. "In all my born days I never heard such an infernal din. And this is the month of May, too! What *can* it be like in summer, when the tourists are loose?"

Adrian Vidal had never been at Lucerne before, or he certainly would not have fallen into the error of supposing that it is a quiet retreat at any time, unless it be in the dead of the winter—and even then, most likely, the church bells do not cease from troubling. In the month of May travellers alight there from all quarters. Some, like our misguided author, come from the north; not a few invade it from over the German frontier; but it is the south, whence the great army of invalids is then wending its way homeward, that supplies the little town with the bulk of its fugitive guests. From Egypt, from Algeria, from Italy, from the Riviera, they pour over the mountains, or burrow under them, and alighting, with querulous buzzings and murmurings, for a night, pass on, to be succeeded on the following day by a crowd as large and as uproarious. Just now—for the afternoon was on the wane, and two trains and a steamer had come in—a strong contingent of them had arrived at the Schweizerhof. Vidal could hear them stamping up and down the corridors, calling to their servants, scolding the waiters, ringing their bells, and slamming their doors.

Presently there came a knock at his own door, one of those irresolute, deprecating taps which are so much more irritating to the nerves than a loud bang.

"Oh, *come* in!" said the young man, resignedly.

However, nobody took advantage of the permission, so he sighed and began to cudgel his brains once more. After about a minute the timid signal was repeated.

"Entrez! Herein! Favorisca! Come *in!*" shouted Vidal, savagely. "Stay out, then," he concluded, in a more philosophical tone, and returned to his work.

Then the door was slowly and creakingly opened about a foot, and through the aperture appeared the head and shoulders of a mild-looking old gentleman with long gray hair and spectacles. "Oh," said the intruder, in accents of disappointment, "then this is not my room, after all. I was afraid it couldn't be."

"It isn't," answered Vidal, more curtly than courteously. His manners and his temper were both fairly good in a general way, but it was rather too provoking that any one should have entertained a doubt as to the ownership of the apartment after having been bawled at in four languages.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said the old gentleman, retreating at once. Nevertheless he did not quite shut the door, and as Vidal, with an imprecation, was starting up to rectify this omission, the gray head of his tormentor was thrust in again. "I suppose," began the latter, hesitatingly, "you couldn't oblige me by telling me the number of my room, could you?"

"Well, really," returned Vidal, half laughing, half annoyed, "I'm afraid not. How could I, you know, considering that I never set eyes on you before?"

"No, no—to be sure," agreed the other. "It's very awkward," he continued, rubbing his chin in perplexity. "You see, I can't even remember which story it was on. And yet I did make a point of noticing it, too, before I went out."

"Hadn't you better apply to the hall porter?" said the young man.

"Dear me! yes, of course; so I will. A very good idea! I am much obliged to you, sir, for suggesting it," cried the other, brightening up amazingly. And without more adieu he trotted off to put it into execution.

"What an original old person!" muttered Vidal, as he seated himself at his table again. Then he laughed a little, and so fell into a good-humor, which was always an easy process with him. "Writing be hanged!" said he, shutting up his blotting-book and beginning to whistle. "There's no greater mistake than writing when one is not in tune for it. It's a waste of time and a waste of vital power; and, besides that, it's apt to get one into the fatal habit of being satisfied with something less than one's best."

This last reflection will sufficiently show that Mr. Vidal had as yet had but small experience of his craft. A man who can't complacently put up with work which falls below the utmost limit of his powers must either be a genius or a tyro, and it is certain that Vidal was not a genius. His was the happier lot of possessing talents slightly above the average, keen faculties of observation, and a mind quick to receive impressions. It has already been said that he was physically favored above his fellows; so that it should seem as if nothing had been lacking to make this young author a thoroughly contented man, unless it were money, of which, indeed, he had not quite so much as he could have desired. Yet even this deficiency could hardly be counted a drawback to happiness, since he had enough for present needs, and looked forward to making his fortune in the pleasantest of all possible ways, namely, by his own exertions. When it is added that the proposed exertions were to be employed in the composition of novels, it will be more than ever apparent how young Mr. Vidal was.

He pushed aside his writing-table, and resting his elbows upon the window-sill, looked out upon the blue lake, with its wooded promontories, and the snowy mountains of Uri rising cloud-capped in the distance. "It's all very lovely," he murmured; "only one can't enjoy it, unfortunately. Good heavens! what a paradise one might make of this place if one could but sweep away the hotels and the steamers and the tourists at a blow! 'Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile,' as the hymn says."

He lowered his gaze to the strip of garden directly beneath him and the shady promenade on the quay, where assorted specimens of humanity were congregated in large numbers, happily unconscious of their vileness. The band, with preliminary squeaks and grunts, was tuning up for a fresh outburst; about the low wall which bordered the lake hung a crew of those loungers—touts, guides, boatmen, and others—who batten upon the modern wanderer; the modern wanderer himself was exhaustively represented in every variety of garb.

"That's uncommonly like Heriot's back," mused Vidal, his eye falling upon a rather shabby shooting coat among a host of others. And then, with more animation—"By Jove! it *is* Heriot's back. What an odd chance!"

He seized his hat, ran quickly down-stairs, and was presently in a position to deal a resounding slap upon the back which he had identified, and which was a somewhat round one.

The owner of the back started and said, mildly, but with a little pardonable irritation, "Don't do that, whoever you are; I don't like it."

He was a man of something under middle age, although his head and his short pointed beard had nearly as many gray hairs as black. His face was one of those which are only qualified as ugly by reason of the poverty of language, and which would have to be called beautiful if it were permissible to define beauty as that which is pleasant to look upon. Heriot's face, in spite of its snub nose, high cheek-bones, and grayish-brown complexion, was very pleasant to look upon. Its habitual expression was one of mingled humorousness and pathos, which was attractive, and also a little puzzling until you looked more closely and saw that the pathos arose out of evident signs of physical suffering cheerfully borne. His soft brown eyes had an unnatural brilliancy at times which would of itself have sufficed to exclude him from any chance of doing business with a life-insurance office. They lightened up now when he turned round and recognized his assailant.

"Adrian, of all people!" he exclaimed. "My dear boy, what on earth are you doing at Lucerne?"

"Cursing myself for having been such a fool as to come here," replied the other, with a laugh. "I don't know what made me fancy it a sequestered nook in which one might work all day without fear of interruption, but that was the extraordinary notion that I formed. Something in the sound of the name, I suppose. It doesn't much matter, after all. I can run up into the mountains in a day or two, and meanwhile I have the satisfaction of seeing you a good month earlier than I expected. And, by-the-way, what brings *you* here?"

"Oh, I am here for the excellent reason that I can't travel from Marseilles to London without a break—several breaks, in fact. I am creeping slowly toward my native land with the other cripples."

"And how are you, Heriot?" asked the younger man, scrutinizing his friend with a shade of anxiety. "Not any worse, I should say, by the look of you."

"Well, no; I am pretty much where I was. I am not dead yet, as you see, and that is about all that I can say for myself."

"It seems to me that you are looking better," said Vidal, for he shared the general belief that such speeches are comforting, whether sincere or not.

Heriot laughed; he did not seem disposed to dwell upon the subject. "What about the great work?" he asked. "Has it been given to an expectant world yet?"

"Not yet; but it is upon the point of appearing, and, to tell you the truth, I have left England as much to escape from the condolences of my friends as for anything else. I feel that it will be a ghastly failure."

"Why should you be so despondent?" asked Heriot, smiling.

"Because, when I read it over, I couldn't help seeing what a deadly dull book it was. It has good points—or at least I think so—but then they are not the sort of good points that will be at all likely to strike the general public; and I am afraid there isn't nearly enough of plot. Ah, those confounded plots!—the publishers ought to provide them for us. Why are we to be bothered and badgered into imagining involved combinations of circumstances? It isn't about that kind of thing that we want to write, nor in that kind of thing that we hope to interest our readers. Where is the plot in *Tristram Shandy*, I should like to know? For my part, if a novel pleases me, I care no more about the plot than I do about the binding; do you?"

"Well, if you ask me, I must confess that I do," answered Heriot, not caring to point out to his friend that the possession of Sterne's genius is a necessary condition to the employment of Sterne's methods.

"I don't believe you do, all the same," said the young man; "but of course, theoretically, a story ought to be a story, and it is awkward to have no answer ready to such an obvious criticism. I feel very much as I used to do at school after I had sent in a copy of verses about which I had misgivings, and I seem to see the stern critic standing over me with sublime rod. 'Now, Vidal, where's your plot?' 'Oh, please sir, I haven't got one; but I thought if I made the writing very pretty—' And then the birch twigs whistle through the air, and I have to assume an ignoble posture. Let us talk about something else."

"It is nearly time to talk about dinner," remarked Heriot, looking at his watch. "I suppose you dine at the table d'hôte?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"Then you might as well tell them to put us together. By-the-way, I must introduce you to some very old friends of mine, the Irvines, whom I fell in with yesterday. They are on their way back from Rome. Perhaps," added Heriot, with a smile, "you might find them—two of them at least—good subjects to introduce into a work of fiction, though I fancy that poor old Irvine, if you depicted him truthfully, would be pronounced too broad a caricature. He is a great collector of antiquities of all kinds, especially coins, and most likely he could tell you the name of every emperor, king, and consul whose image and superscription have ever been struck; but his powers of memory end absolutely there. I believe that if you were to stop him suddenly in the street and ask him what his name was, where he lived, where he was at that moment, and whither he was bound, he wouldn't be able, for the life of him, to answer a single one of your questions."

"I fancy I have seen the old gentleman already," said Vidal. "Has he long gray hair, and spectacles, and does he look as if he had forgotten, amongst other things, to shave for three days?"

Heriot nodded.

"Ah, then that is my friend. He marched into my room about an hour ago, and seemed quite hurt when I told him that it *was* my room, and that I couldn't assist him toward discovering his own. Does Mrs. Irvine share his peculiarities?"

"No; but she has some of her own. However, you will soon be able to judge of her for yourself. I don't want you to laugh at them too much, though; because, for all their little oddities, they are dear good people, and they have shown me a great deal of kindness at one time and another. A man like myself, without kith or kin, learns to value his friends, you know."

"I know that you stick to your friends, Heriot," said the other, laying his hand upon his companion's shoulder, as they re-entered the hotel together.

CHAPTER II.

HERIOT'S FRIENDS.

VIDAL spoke with some warmth, and had, indeed, good reason for so doing. The friendship which had subsisted for some years between the two men, and which, in the first instance, had been rather of the elder's than of the younger's seeking, was now equally strong on both sides. It was Heriot who had discovered Vidal's literary capabilities, and had put him in the way of contributing those short articles to magazines by means of which he had first tried his wings; it was to Heriot that he invariably turned in the moments of despondency and self-distrust to which his temperament made him liable; and finally, it was Heriot who had once got him out of a scrape which, absurd as it seemed when looked back upon from the heights of mature experience, might easily have had a lamentable conclusion.

That a boy of eighteen should fall in love with his mother's maid is a circumstance not, perhaps, highly creditable to the boy's taste or intelligence, yet one which can hardly be called unprecedented. If in Adrian's case the maid had escaped without a slur upon her character, this happy result was probably due less to Susan's rigid virtue than to her vaulting ambition. For being a young woman endowed not only with beauty of person, but with exceptional strength of purpose, she had made up her mind to nothing less than that her mistress's son should marry her, and had actually extorted from him something like a promise to that effect. And so, when he got the better of his fancy, and sought safety in flight, she left Mrs. Vidal's service at a moment's notice, and followed her faithless swain to London, where there is every reason to believe that she would have achieved her end had not Heriot been informed of the state of affairs, and hastened to the rescue. By what means he contrived to shake off the tenacious Susan, Vidal never knew precisely. His own view was that he was bound in honor, if not to ruin his whole life, at least to provide as handsomely as his means would allow for the girl whom he had deceived. But Heriot, foreseeing the perils to which payment of blackmail must inevitably lead, had refused to hear of any such thing; and this, perhaps, was not the least of the services which he had rendered to his young friend. The woman had gone away at last, uttering threats of vengeance which had never been carried into execution, and the episode had long ceased to be referred to between the two men; but Vidal had not forgotten it, nor was he the less grateful to his preserver because of the easy and matter-of-fact way in which his preservation had been effected.

Heriot, old for his years, disenchanted with life so far as he himself was concerned, and suffering from a disease which at times gave him horrible pain, and might at any moment kill him, had learned, as many people do under such circumstances, to find his share of the excitement of existence in the joys and hopes and ambitions of others. It was not unnatural that he should have felt specially drawn toward a young fellow who, like Adrian Vidal, possessed exactly the blessings which had been denied to himself—strength, beauty, enthusiasm, and just a touch of that harmless vanity which a worn-out man so readily pardons, and almost loves, in his juniors. Vidal, on his side, had an affection for Heriot which was half filial, half fraternal. He knew that his friend was intellectually and morally his superior; but he knew also that in any perplexity or trouble he could turn to him with absolute confidence, not only in his judgment, but in his sympathy; and he well understood that a friend of that stamp is not met with twice in a lifetime. Therefore, as he had an instinctive abhorrence of pain, he pretty generally contrived to put away from him the thought that Heriot's days were numbered, and it was only when, as now, a separation of some months made the slow change for the worse perceptible, that he felt that sudden tightening of the heart-strings with which most of us have reason to be familiar.

While he was washing his hands and brushing his hair before dinner he did not whistle, as was his wont, and his glass reflected a grave countenance. "Egypt hasn't done him a bit of good, poor old chap!" he muttered. "I suppose nothing will ever do him good any more. And yet, so long as he doesn't get worse— How many years is it since those solemn asses of doctors condemned him to death? Two or more, I think. After all, pluck is the best doctor, and he has plenty of that."

Fastening upon this ground for hope, in the absence of a better one, Vidal soon gained the comfort from it which he desired, and went cheerfully down-stairs to dinner. He was a little late. The great table d'hôte room was already full to overflowing; the assembled company of all nations was devouring its food, and growling over it after the manner of all carnivora when freed from social restrictions; waiters in an unpleasant state of warmth were hurrying to and fro, bearing pyramids of plates; and through the open windows were wafted the strains of the untiring band. Presently Vidal made out Heriot beckoning to him from the far end of one of the long tables, at the head of which sat the old gentleman of defective memory who had so irritated him an hour before.

"We have kept a place for you," Heriot said. "Let me introduce you to Mrs. Irvine—and Mr. Irvine, who you know very well by name."

The old gentleman started out of a placid dream, and bowed pleasantly to the new-comer, without, apparently, the smallest recollection of their previous meeting; but Mrs. Irvine held out her hand, and said, with frank heartiness, "How do you do? So glad to meet you! We have very often heard of you from Mr. Heriot."

Mrs. Irvine's appearance suggested the idea that she had just arrived from the railway station, and that she had sat beside the window during her journey. She wore a bonnet and a long dust-cloak, which last was flung back from her shoulders, and her gray hair looked as though she had omitted to brush it after having been out in a gale of wind. There was no ostensible reason for her being in a hurry; yet she both spoke and ate as if there were no time to be lost. "And where have *you* come from, Mr. Vidal? From London? I thought everybody was going to London, not coming away from it, at this time of year. We have been spending the winter in Rome, and have enjoyed ourselves beyond everything—at least my daughter and I have. I am not quite so sure about Mr. Irvine, who dislikes travelling. Still he really was interested. I was saying that you *were* interested in Rome, John."

"Eh? Oh, immensely interested," answered Mr. Irvine. "I don't know whether you are familiar with Rome, Mr.—er— I beg your pardon, but I didn't quite catch your name—" Vidal was spared the disagreeable duty of re-introducing himself by Mrs. Irvine, whose volubility drowned her husband's half-finished sentence. "He liked it very much when he got there, as I always told him he would; and he spent a great deal of his time at Castellani's; besides which there are all sorts of collections, you know, in Rome for those who like collections. What I myself enjoy most of all is seeing the people—not, of course, that one doesn't fully appreciate the scenery and the pictures and the ruins; but I must say I am fond of society, especially of the sort of society that one gets abroad—such a complete change, you know. One makes some really delightful acquaintances, and others which perhaps one wouldn't care to keep up at home; but that only renders them the more entertaining for the time being. I like to see all kinds of people and things; don't you, Mr. Vidal? But I am sure you must, because you would naturally be always seeking for material for those charming books of yours."

A momentary pause, occasioned by the speaker's having hastily swallowed a glass of wine the wrong way, enabled Vidal to observe that his books would doubtless be charming if he had published any, but that he hadn't.

Mrs. Irvine was not disconcerted. "You write, though," she persisted. "I am certain that Mr. Heriot told me you wrote. And, after all, I often think it must be a great deal more difficult to compose clever essays and articles and—and all that sort of thing than novels, which can't require any very vast amount of talent, since such numbers of people produce them. Once I began a novel myself, but I have never found time to go on with it. Oh, and by-the-bye, I wonder whether you could help me to find a situation as governess for a very charming Italian lady who is at present just keeping body and soul together by writing for the newspapers, and who was at one time on the stage, and is altogether most accomplished and agreeable. Embroiders quite exquisitely, too, and makes all her own dresses, which I think is so creditable to her, poor thing. I feel sure that she would be a delightful addition to any household—not, of course, to your own; only you might just mention her to your friends, and I should be too happy to answer any inquiries. Mrs. Irvine, Cardrew, near Polruth, Cornwall; telegrams to Polruth station. Mr. Heriot, do *you* know of any one who wants a thorough finishing governess?"

"Who has been on the stage, embroiders beautifully, writes for the newspapers, and makes her own frocks? No," answered Heriot, thoughtfully; "I can't call to mind any one at the present moment; but with such qualifications there ought to be no difficulty at all about placing her. What of your last protégée, Mrs. Irvine?—the lady's-maid who had been a nun, and was compelled to leave her convent through conviction of the errors of Romanism."

Mrs. Irvine made a gesture of despair. "Don't speak of her!" She bent across the table and continued in an impressive whisper: "It was the most unfortunate thing! Do you know, I did get her a situation, and an excellent one—with an old lady—and though, naturally, she was a little inexperienced, all went well for three or four months, when she began to fail in health, and—well, I can't finish; but I dare say you can guess what happened. Anything more shocking I never heard of; and the old lady was so very angry with me, and said I ought to have known. But, as I told her, how *could* I know? And I am afraid she can never have been a nun at all."

"Let us hope not," said Heriot. "And how have things been going on at Polruth during your absence?"

"Pretty well, on the whole. But there have been some unfortunate occurrences; and only this morning Mr. Irvine had a letter telling him of a positive disaster. It seems that the Mevagissey men have been fishing in Polruth Bay, which of course they have no sort of business to do. So the Polruth men went out in the middle of the night and cut all the nets adrift, and it wasn't until the morning that they found they had cut away their own nets by mistake. You may imagine what distress this has caused in the place; and what is to be done I can't think, unless I can induce Lord St. Austell to subscribe liberally, which, as you know, will not be an easy matter. However, I must do my best as soon as I get home."

In this way Vidal was relieved of the functions of a listener, which, to be sure, he had been fulfilling but indifferently from the outset. For he had not been two minutes in the room before the best part of his attention had become concentrated upon a girl of remarkable beauty who was seated opposite to him, and on Heriot's right hand. He had not at first supposed her to be in any way connected with his new acquaintances, but his neighbor's casual reference to her daughter and Heriot's evident intimacy with the young lady had seemed to point pretty conclusively to the inference that she must be Miss Irvine, though how such parents had come to possess such a child was one of those mysteries with which nature delights to baffle the evolutionist.

Miss Irvine personified the type of beauty claimed by our island as peculiarly its own. Tall, graceful, with a flawless complexion, and a small head, well set on her shoulders, she had the look of breeding which characterizes that type in its highest stage of development. Her hair had in it, besides a touch of gold, several shades of brown, the darkest of these gradations being reproduced in her eyebrows and eyelashes, which last were long and curved. Her eyes also were of uncertain color, varying from dark blue to light gray, according as the lights fell or her mood influenced her. In a physical sense, therefore, she had been more than generously treated by Fortune: it remained to be seen what inner charms might correspond with or contradict this outer perfection; and that was not to be determined by a cursory survey. So, at least, Vidal concluded, after studying the girl carefully for a matter of ten minutes. At the end of that time he had discovered that she was of a somewhat dreamy and romantic temperament, that she was totally free from self-consciousness, and that she had a sweet temper, together with rather more pride than was desirable for her own happiness or for the happiness of those nearest to her.

This, to be sure, was a good deal to have found out by merely watching the play of a person's features during so brief a space; but Vidal prided himself upon his ability to read character, and only wondered that his investigations should have led him to no more definite judgment than the above. One other discovery he had made, namely, that he was beginning to fall a little in love with the fair subject of his analysis; but this did not disturb him so much as it might be supposed to do by persons who attach a more serious meaning to the phrase than he did. In fact, it did not disturb him at all. His was a susceptible nature, and he was in the habit of falling a little in love with most of the pretty faces that came within his ken. No one was any the worse for these passing fancies, which he was rather disposed to cultivate, having an impression that they exercised a refining and elevating influence upon him.

During the progress of dinner it happened that his eyes more than once met those of his opposite neighbor, and he could not help perceiving that she regarded him with a certain degree of interest and curiosity. That being so, it became a matter of imperative necessity that he should exchange a few observations with her, only he hesitated to break the ice without that preliminary formula which is so essential to the comfort of Englishmen. "I wonder why Heriot didn't introduce me?" he mused. "I'll get him to do it directly afterward."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.—(*Continued.*)

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

THAT the story of the attempt to get at the favorite should reach the ears of such strong supporters of his chance as Sir Marmaduke and Captain Farrington was only natural, and the Baronet upon arriving on the Heath at once sought Gerald, with a view to hearing the true version of the affair, and also to learn from the best authority that the horse had really suffered no injury. Sir Marmaduke had backed the Dancing Master heavily, and it had been in consequence of what Gerald had told him. The Baronet, with his great chum, Captain Farrington, had no sooner arrived at Newmarket than he was told "Jim Forrest" wished to see him, and Gerald then advised them both to try and get back their Hunt Cup losses over the Cambridgeshire. Sir Marmaduke at first demurred, and vowed he would never risk another shilling on that evil-tempered gray; but Gerald implored them both to have at all events a little on the Dancing Master this time.

"It's absurd, Sir Marmaduke, to say I lost you the Ledger a year ago; but I have always bitterly regretted that I let my absurd false pride stand in the way, and begged off riding for you at Doncaster. Blackton is quite as good a man as me, and I've no doubt did the horse every justice, but, you see, he's just one of those queer brutes that might try for some one he knew, and refuse to do so otherwise. I've reason to think he'll run kind with me. I know he's very well, and I'll guarantee he's meant."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1439.

"All right, Rockingham, I'll have a quiet hundred on, and you'd better trust him once more, Marm, to that extent," said Farrington.

And so at last it was settled that the Dancing Master was to be once more intrusted with what Farrington described as a "modest century apiece." But it was little likely that two such daring plungers would restrict their investments to that amount, and, as we know, Sir Marmaduke's operations at "the Rooms" had been conducted on his wonted scale. Lord Whitby also had derived his inspiration from the same source, so that "the Dancer" numbered amongst his supporters some of the very heaviest bettors on the turf.

But Gerald was by no means easy to come by, and Sir Marmaduke cantered his hack about a good deal in the fruitless endeavor to get speech with him. He was purposely keeping out of the way as much as possible. He was anxious to avoid all questioning about last night's work till the big race was over. He certainly now held his cousin in the hollow of his hand. Let him but denounce Cuthbert Elliston and Pearson to Sir Marmaduke and Lord Whitby, both members of the Jockey Club, and the pair were socially ruined. It would be bad enough for the attorney, but for Elliston it meant social extinction.

He had not quite made up his mind as to what he would do. To take a terrible revenge for all the woe he believed these two men to have wrought his father, to repay his cousin's undying enmity fourfold, all this was within his power; but, on the other hand, Elliston was his cousin, and the disgrace of one member of a family is a thing never to be desired by the rest, however they may dislike him or her.

Pearson also would make very easy terms with Greyson if he were once let know that silence about last night's business was conditional on his doing so. Gerald had so far seen neither of the confederates on the Heath, still that might be because he was keeping aloof from the crowd as far as business permitted.

But though Sir Marmaduke failed to find Gerald, he at length discovered Greyson with his charges, walking quietly round and round, at the back of the ditch.

"Good-morning, Greyson," said the Baronet. "What is all this I hear about an attempt to get at your horse last night?"

"Well, Sir Marmaduke, it didn't succeed, and we don't want to talk about it. I'm told you've backed my horse for a good bit. I can only say he never was better, and if he don't win to-day it's no fault of mine. He can't be fitter, but he's a bit of a rogue, as you know, and though Mr. Rockingham thinks he'll run honest with him, I don't know what to think about it."

"He looks well, and so for the matter of that does Caterham. Then Mr. Elliston fancies his chance very much, and, to tell you the truth, so do I, although I let Rockingham persuade me into backing the other."

"The two horses will run on their merits, Sir Marmaduke, and I've no doubt whatever that the gray *can* beat Caterham. Whether he *will* depends on himself."

By this time Butters and his assistants had whipped the rugs off, and were carefully preparing Caterham and the Dancer for the coming struggle, when Gerald cantered up on his hack.

"Weighed in?" said the trainer, interrogatively.

"Yes," replied Gerald; "7.12; all right. Robinson and I stand a cross fifty on our mounts. Look sharp, Joe, and slip my saddle on to the back of the Dancer."

"Ah, he rides Caterham, and backs yours against his own as a hedge," replied the trainer. "Where is he?"

"Here he comes," replied Gerald, pointing to a horseman who was nearing them as fast as his steed could carry him.

"Good-morning, Rockingham," said Sir Marmaduke. "I came down here to look for you, as I'm told you had a bit of trouble at the stables last night, but Greyson tells me you prefer to hold your tongue about it. I can only say that such a thing could be possible is a slur upon Newmarket, and if you like to bring it forward I'm quite prepared to take it up."

"Thank you, Sir Marmaduke, but neither I nor the horse am any the worse, and we'll leave it alone for the present, at all events. I'm off now, but remember," he continued, dropping his voice, "if you see me in front at 'the turn of the lands,' I shall take a deal of catching. Now, Joe, give me a leg up. I want to have the Dancer to myself for a few minutes before we go down to the post. What's the latest news up there, Robinson?" and Gerald jerked his finger in the direction of the betting ring.

"Your's as strong as brandy in the market, mine very steady; but that Fedora that won the Leger last year has come with a rattle, and there's apparently plenty of people who think she can give us seven pounds and lose us. They'll change their note before the day is over, eh, Jim?"

"You're safe to finish in front of her, Tom, and I shall beat you both, or not be in it at all. Now I'm off to give my mount a canter," and as he spoke, Gerald, who was by this time in the saddle, set his horse quietly going in the direction of the Cambridgeshire post.

"Well, I shall go back to the stand to see the race," said the Baronet. "Wish you success, Greyson," and sticking spurs to his hack, Sir Marmaduke made the best of his way back to the desired coigne of vantage.

"What orders, Mr. Greyson?" inquired Tom Robinson, when he found himself duly installed on Caterham's back.

"Mr. Elliston always gives his own orders," rejoined the trainer, sharply. "If he hasn't seen you yet, no doubt he will at the starting-post."

"Supposing he don't?" inquired Robinson, curtly.

"Then ride him as you like. The horse can both race and stay, and is thoroughly wound up. I can tell you no more, and decline to give any orders under the circumstances."

"It ain't like Mr. Elliston," replied the jockey, as he cantered off to the post. "No," he muttered, "one's usually rather hampered with orders when one rides for him."

"Where are you going to see the race from, Marm?" inquired Captain Farrington, as the Baronet cantered up to the betting ring. "It's been pretty lively work in here for the last half-hour. The Dancing Master's nominally first favorite, but there's nobody has any money left to lay. Caterham's firm, and Fedora's come with a rattle, while half a dozen more are backed a bit."

"I'm going on to the stand, as I want to see how our horse gets off, and how he is when he passes it. I have just seen Rockingham. He means coming right through if he can, which will suit the Dancing Master's temper, and make the most of his light weight."

"All right; but we sha'n't see what wins from there."

"No; but young Rockingham says he shall have about won at the 'turn in the lands' just beyond."

"I like his extraordinary confidence, although I don't understand it, more especially with such a disappointing horse as he is riding," replied Farrington, as they took their places and adjusted their glasses.

The roar of the Ring is hushed, for the twenty-six horses are now in the hands of the starter, and speculation has ceased. Greyson and Butters are both down at the post to see the Riddleton pair dispatched on their journey. There are some few false starts, and though the Dancing Master behaves tolerably well, yet he gives more than one manifestation that the old Adam is by no manner of means dead within him. Still, when the flag does fall, he gets off on very fair terms with his horses, and to Gerald's delight takes hold of his bridle as if he meant it. The first to show in front is a lightly weighted four-year called St. Lawrence, but just before reaching the stand Gerald deprives him of the command, and at the "turn in the lands" is leading a couple of lengths.

"Looks rosy so far," said the Baronet.

"Yes; but they're a long way off yet, not half-way, indeed," rejoined Farrington.

In a fly nearly opposite the winning-post were Dollie and her mother, both in a state of considerable excitement, with their race glasses riveted on the straight broad green ribbon that constitutes the Cambridgeshire course.

"The favorite leads. The favorite walks in!" shout half a score of the Dancer's enthusiastic supporters.

"Caterham's going well, and Fedora's not done with," exclaims a veteran in the next carriage to Dollie. "But, by Jove! young Rockingham is bringing them along a cracker. Some of them won't last much longer. Look at the tailing already."

"The mare's done with. Fedora's beat!" roar a hundred throats as the Leger victress succumbs to the severity of the pace.

"Robinson's riding Caterham!" yell the crowd again, as, a couple of hundred yards from home, that jockey is compelled to call upon his horse to keep his place.

"The favorite wins in a canter!" cry a score of voices. Ah, what's this in orange that's coming like a flash almost under the judge's chair? Does Forrest see it? He does evidently, but sits still as death. It is a supreme moment with Gerald. The Dancing Master he knows is doing pretty well his best. Dare he move on his horse? If he does, that eccentric animal may shut up instantaneously. The new-comer on the scene has caught him, has reached his girths, is now at his head. Still Gerald sits immovable. They are within two or three strides of home, and the orange horseman is doing all he knows. "The Dancer wins!" "Lisette wins!" and as the two shoot past the post, Gerald still motionless, the crowd draw a long breath, and ask each other what's won.

"Forrest threw the race away," cries one indignant backer of the favorite; "he never even called on his horse."

"I tell you he's won, and never rode a more magnificent race," rejoins another.

"Wait till the numbers are up, and you'll see," retorted the first.

Whichever way it was it was evidently a very close thing between the favorite and this almost friendless outsider, a mare who had started at the extreme price of 30 to 1, but whose six stone four had stood her in good stead, thanks to the severity of the pace.

Up go the numbers at last, and Gerald is as much relieved as any one to find that his adversary failed to quite get up, and that the verdict is in his favor by a short head.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CONCLUSION.

The announcement of the winner on the telegraph board was greeted with ominous silence. The Ring as a rule take their punishment without flinching, but men can not be expected to wax hilarious over the losing of money. Then, again, Mr. Greyson was no popular owner of race-horses whose money the Ring had often had, but a chafy backer, manager of a crafty, unscrupulous stable that had set the fielders many a hard problem to solve, and bled them wickedly many a time. Even the public, who at the eleventh hour had rushed wildly on the Dancing Master, were dissatisfied. They had had to accept a very short price, and they had lost many and many a pound over the capricious winner when he had declined resolutely to gallop a yard for their investments. It was, no doubt, a wonderfully fine point between the leading pair, and Gerald frankly admitted he did not know whether he had just won or just lost till the numbers were up; but the decision of the judge on any leading English race-course is no more disputed than the summing up of a judge in any one of our law courts. That there have been cases in which the turf verdict has been deemed a mistake, similarly as the summing up at Westminster has been held erroneous, there is no doubt; but in neither case is it ever regarded as other than final.

"You were about right, Marm," said Farrington, when the result of the race reached them, "and so was Rockingham. At 'the turn of the lands' things looked very comfortable. It was the place for the Dancing Master's backers with the straight tip to see it from, but it must have been a wonderful squeak at the finish from all accounts."

"Yes; all our own fault," replied the Baronet, sententiously. "We were dolts to forget that mare's form of last year. It's all right; but she was every bit as much turned loose as the Dancer."

"Oh, Gerald, my darling, I thought you had lost," exclaimed Dollie, as, the "weighing-in" satisfactorily concluded, Rockingham cantered up to his betrothed's carriage to receive her congratulations.

"I was much afraid so myself, and I fancy it was about as short a head as ever was given, but I was afraid to move on the Dancer. Good horse as he is, he was about all out, and I thought at any attempt to call upon him he would perhaps turn it up."

"I don't think so myself," rejoined Dollie; "but that is mere matter of opinion. He ran better in the snaffle, didn't he?"

"Yes; and for all I know might have won much more decidedly if I had dared take any liberties with him. As it was, I never interfered further than taking him to the front. I followed your father's original orders afterward and left it to himself."

"And the old horse was just equal to the occasion, eh, Gerald?"

"Yes; it was a shave, and I never rode so trying a race, and never shall by any possibility again. To have a wife and a home depending, so to speak, on the result, and nothing for it but to sit and suffer, is to test one's nerve and patience with a vengeance, and whether young Craddock had caught me or not I didn't know till I saw the numbers."

"Congratulations, Mr. Rockingham," said a deep voice behind them. "I have been indebted to your horsemanship a good many times this year, but anything finer than your masterly inactivity just now I never witnessed."

"Ah, Lord Whitby, it is a comfort to know you understood it. Half the people here think I all but lost the race from carelessness."

"Half the people here are chattering idiots," rejoined the irascible peer. "On a horse like that you were afraid, of course, to move."

"Let me introduce you to my wife that is to be," interposed Gerald, abruptly. He was in good-humor with the world, and in no mood for any causeless explosion on the part of his irritable patron.

"Then I must still further congratulate you," rejoined Lord Whitby, as he raised his hat to Dollie, "and I trust your bride will accept a trifling memento of the Cambridgeshire from an old friend of your father's. Your intended excelled himself to-day. It was the most perfect exhibition of nerve and patience, his winning the Cambridgeshire, I have witnessed in five-and-thirty years' racing. May you both be sincerely happy;" and once more raising his hat, his lordship rode off.

It was a grim settling next Monday at Tattersall's. The Ring paid, as that often-abused body as a rule always does, but there was a heavy account due from the owner of Caterham, for the meeting of which apparently no provision whatever had been made. Mr. Elliston, it was rumored, had gone abroad, nor could any one remember to have seen him since the day previous to the Cambridgeshire. Although Sam Pearson was not present, such bets as stood in his own name were all met, but the book-makers felt pretty certain that he was actually responsible for a considerable portion of those made by his colleague, although his commissioner disclaimed any such liability on his part.

"Rather warm for the fraternity," remarked Farrington to Broughton, as he swept another little sheaf of bank-notes into his hat.

"Yes, Captain, it's a scorcher, that's what it is, and Mr. Elliston not 'weighing-in' with the Caterham money of course makes it rather worse for us. Still, none of us grudge Lord Whitby, yourself, or Sir Marmaduke your winnings. We've hit you all hard enough in your time, and we don't generally whimper when we find 'you've got us on toast.'"

The book-maker's language was perhaps enigmatical, but Farrington was thoroughly versed in the shibboleth of the Betting Ring, and manifested no surprise.

"Mr. Elliston's account not being to the fore is, of course, a little hard upon you, but I've no doubt it's only a question of time."

"Yes, I suppose so; Mr. Elliston's an old customer, if not a very liberal one, and I dare say he'll settle after a while."

But it was a long day before Cuthbert Elliston ventured to return to England, nor was his face ever seen again on an English race-course. A hurried consultation took place between him and Pearson when they found themselves beyond the reach of pursuit, and they came to the conclusion that it behooved them to get away from Newmarket as speedily as possible, and they accordingly departed by the first train in the morning. When, in the course of the afternoon, the result of the race reached town, and Elliston ran over his betting-book, he found that he had stretched out his hand too far in his anxiety to grasp a large stake. It would be impossible for him to settle his liabilities in full, and he dared not, besides, face the consequences of his iniquitous attempt at disabling the favorite. The evening papers all alluded briefly to the affair; one with the addition that "it understood the most thorough investigation of the rascally business would take place, and it was much to be desired in the best interests of the turf that the prompters of the dastardly outrage should be dragged before the bar of public opinion, should evidence not be forth-coming to place them at the bar of a court of justice side by side with the miserable tools they had suborned."

Elliston crossed the Channel by that night's mail, while his partner sped northward.

Gerald had a long talk with Greyson on the evening of the race, and finally they came to the determination to keep the affair to themselves.

"I owe my cousin no kindness, but it will not redound to the credit of the family to expose him. We have won, and can afford to be liberal; and providing the pair of them make no attempt to set foot on a race-course in future, we'll hold our tongues. Eh, Greyson?"

"Yes; I think it will be best," replied the trainer. "You see, I've got a good bit of money together now, and if you take Pearson in hand, I have no doubt I can settle with him on reasonable terms."

The attorney was only too glad to purchase silence about a transaction which would irretrievably ruin him if promulgated, and made no fuss about striking off usurious interest from the trainer's liabilities. He further covenanted for both himself and his partner that they should retire from the turf; and the sale of Phaeton, Caterham, etc., was speedily advertised. Nobody ever penetrated the cause of the abrupt break-up of the Elliston and Pearson confederacy, though Sir Marmaduke had a shrewd suspicion of the truth. It was usually attributed to an unsuccessful season, to which their severe losses over the Cambridgeshire put the coping-stone. As for the attorney, he throve and prospered exceedingly in his profession, and on the whole probably benefited by his retirement from racing. With his partner it was different; he merely substituted the card-table for the race-course, and frequented the chief play resorts of the Continent. As he encountered there many professional gamblers, with more skill, but quite as unscrupulous as himself, he continued in his usual state of irritable impecuniosity, and poor Mrs. Elliston dreed as hard a lot as it is possible to mete out to woman.

Shortly after Christmas two weddings were celebrated in the parish church of Cranley; for Lord Whitby had acceded to Gerald's request to be allowed to buy the old place back from him.

"Certainly, my dear Rockingham," he said; "I don't want it. Take it at what I paid for it. I bought it chiefly to prevent that d——d scoundrel Cuthbert Elliston having it."

Ellen and Mrs. Rockingham had set their hearts upon the double ceremony taking place from Cranley, so the Greysons became Mrs. Rockingham's guests at the Chase for that week; and in the little village church, where they had knelt together as children, the brother and sister, one bright February morning, embarked upon the unknown waters of married life.

"Ah," laughed Ellen to her sister-in-law, as the pair stood surveying their wedding presents, "how you and Gerald do beat us in this respect! It is better to marry a crack jockey than a poor parson when it comes to such jewels as these;" and Miss Rockingham lifted admiringly a handsome set of pearls and turquoise, the bridal gift of Lord Whitby.

There is no more to be told. All comedies finish with a marriage; and it is to be hoped that the old tag may apply: "that they lived happy ever afterward." Gerald not only continued to follow his profession, but commenced the formation of a stud-farm at the Chase. And at the end of a few years the Cranley yearlings had earned for themselves a high reputation in the Doncaster sale ring. He further had usually some few horses in training at Riddleton, with which he was more or less lucky.

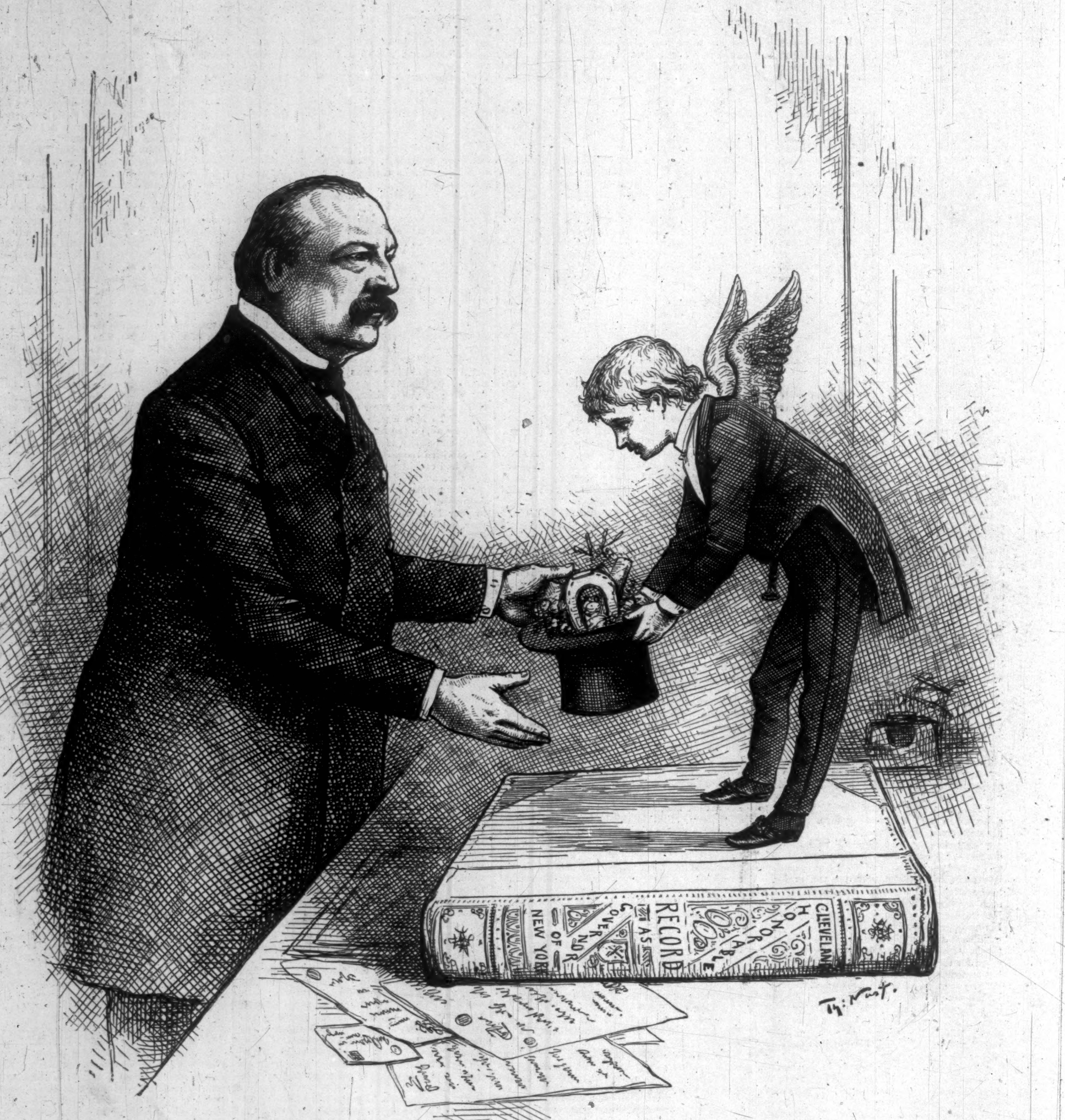
In the hall of the Chase hangs a large picture of an almost snow-white steed, which has for years been lord of the Cranley Stud, and to which Gerald always points as the horse which won back for him the lost home of his ancestors.

THE END.

THE HOCKING VALLEY STRIKE.

On page 4 will be found a page of sketches illustrating some of the latest features of the great strike among the miners in Hocking Valley. The indications are that this disastrous strike is practically at an end. Many of the miners are returning to work, although more than two thousand are still idle. But the fund of the Relief Committee, amounting to a little more than $5000, will soon be exhausted. The contributions are daily diminishing in amount, and it is not believed that they will continue much longer. Meanwhile the employers are supplying the places of the strikers either with men who have left the Miners' Association or with imported laborers. Every day's delay reduces the chances of the unemployed, as it lessens the number that can be provided with work.

Great sympathy is felt with the distressed miners and their families, and influential men are making strong endeavors to effect a compromise, as well as to prevent violence toward the imported laborers. It seems probable that these efforts will be successful, although the Miners' Association as a body still endeavors to prevent individual members from acting on their own responsibility.


CLEVELAN
HONORABLE
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AS
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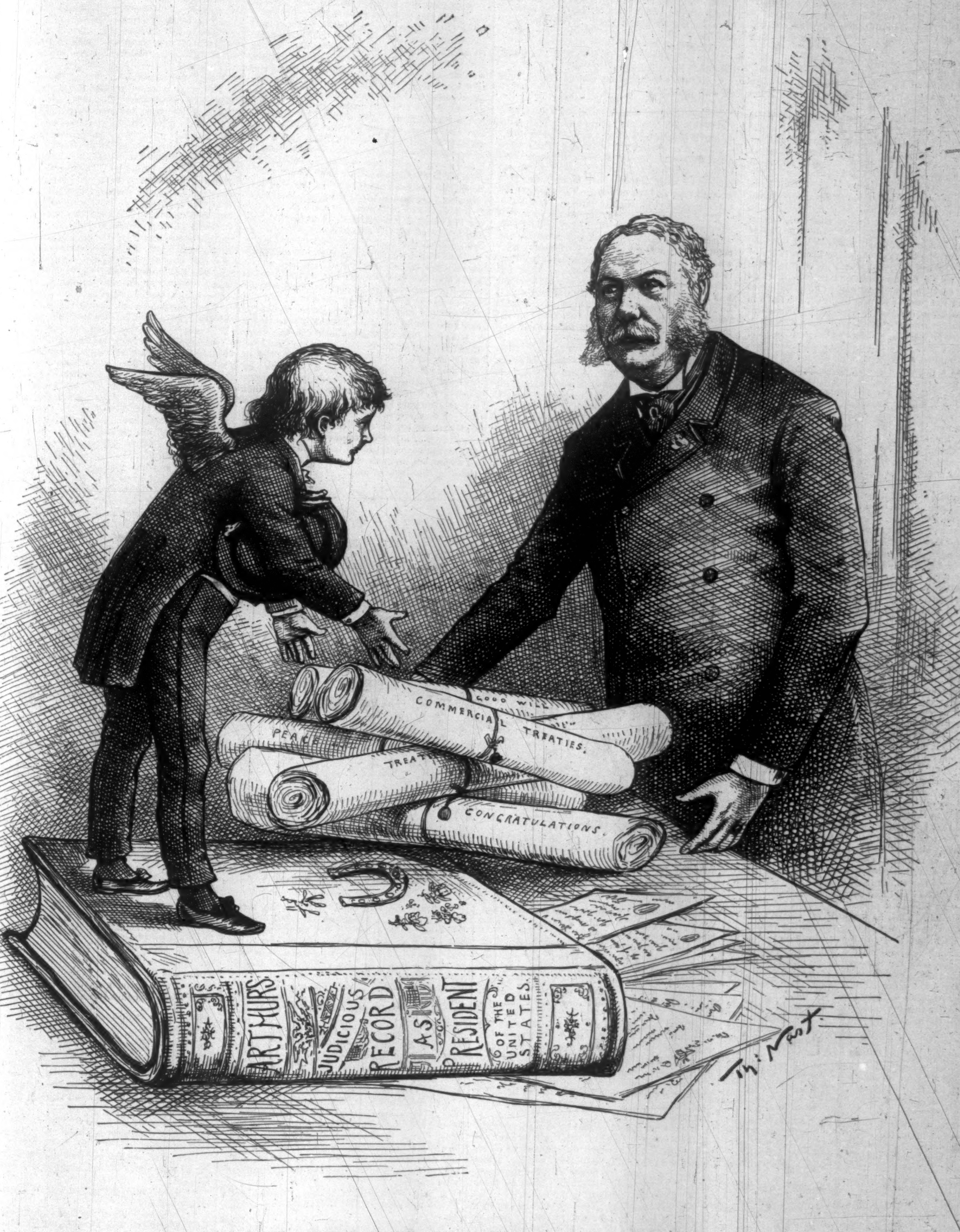
Th: Nast.

"A HAPPY NEW-YEAR TO YOU, AND MAY YOU FILL YOUR NEW OFFICE AS SUCCESSFULLY AS YOUR OLD ONE."


GOOD WILL
COMMERCIAL TREATIES.
PEACE
TREATY
CONGRATULATIONS.
ARTHUR'S JUDICIOUS RECORD AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
Th: Nast

"A HAPPY NEW-YEAR TO YOU, AND CONGRATULATIONS FROM ALL NATIONS."

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF CARL SPICH.

[*Continued from front page.*]

"That is good, Carl," said Heinrich; "but I do know why the wheels go around. I have been to the dairy, as one says, and I know how cheeses are made. I say again that we in affairs know more than you who only see the outside of things."

To all this Carl Spich only winked again.

Heinrich Strutzenwaller saw the wink. "Perhaps," said he, "you know all about the state marriage, and perhaps you do not."

At the word marriage, Jacob Stein, the tailor, pricked up his ears, for he loved a morsel of gossip as he loved his meat. "Heinrich, my dear friend," said he, "I would like to know the ins and outs of this."

At this Heinrich Strutzenwaller looked wise, and shook his head as though he said "no" under his tongue, whereat all pressed him to tell, for they saw that he was about to yield. Then, as they were all good friends together, he told them what he knew, and this was what it was.

Every one knows that our young Prince Fritz would marry the Grand-duchess Marie of Mechlin-Steinitz, that is, if things went well, and he did as his father, our Serene Highness, wished him to do. It was every way fit that he should do so: he was young and beautiful and rich, and it was whispered that our young Prince felt very kindly toward her, and would be only too glad to do as his father desired him. Now it would seem as though nothing was to be done but to call in the priest and ring the bells, but folks in affairs knew differently from this. There was the Herr Count Siegmund, his Serene Highness's brother (though in a back-handed fashion), and Prince Fritz's uncle; and there was his daughter, the Countess Margaretta, who, though as beautiful as a picture, was as wicked as sin. These two were stirring heaven and earth and all the little hills to stay the state marriage, for Count Siegmund wanted above all things to have his daughter marry her cousin, our young Prince Fritz, and if what was whispered had any truth in it, the Countess Margaretta would be more glad than her father to have such a thing befall. So Count Siegmund, who was as cunning as the devil's grandmother, had been throwing this and that and the other thing in the way of the marriage, and the marriage itself had been put off from time to time, until it had seemed as though it were never to be.

But now all was going like a goose in the water, for the Grand-duchess was visiting our Serene Highness—a ball was to be given to her that very night—and all folks in affairs knew that the marriage was to come off as soon as all things could be settled to the mind of everybody. But, for all that, Count Siegmund still stood in the way, and, for all that people knew, he might spoil these things even yet, for he was as full of cunning devices as an egg is full of meat.

The Grand-duchess had brought her cousin, the Count Nicholas, to our Serene Highness's court with her. Every one was talking of how wise he was for his years, and they were all making much of him up at the castle. Count Siegmund had been talking about him and the Grand-duchess in a very bad way, but, as all men knew, there was not a barley-corn of truth in that song.

All this Heinrich Strutzenwaller told the others, and to it all the others listened without speaking a word till he had ended.

"Tut!" said Carl Spich, "how can a poor clerk of the Town Council know all this?"

Heinrich Strutzenwaller was very angry. "If for no other reason, because I heard our Mayor tell it to Herr Councilman Fullenbach, not knowing that I was near; and that is how," said he.

Then Carl Spich saw that things were going against him, and that Heinrich was like to be the great man amongst them for that night. "It may be all true," said he, nodding his head. "Also, I would like to say that folks tell me that I look for all the world like our young Prince."

"As like as a pfennig to a gold piece," said Heinrich. Then he laughed very loudly, and the others, seeing that he laughed, did the same.

Carl Spich thumped his fist down on the table. "I say," said he—"and my uncle Hans, the shoemaker, tells me this—I am as like our young Prince Fritz as two storks in the same nest. He should know, for he has made more than one pair of boots for him, I can tell you."

After this they paid their scores and went out into the night; for the clock was pointing its fingers toward eleven, and they had to walk all of the way to Herr Schmidt's house, where they were to sing their first New-Year's song.

They all walked in a bunch through the soft snow till they came to the crossing of the street, whence they could see the castle, perched on its high rock like a great stone giant, winking with its windows as though they were so many red eyes. There they stopped for a while, and stood staring up at the castle, the breath rising from their nostrils in the still air like clouds of smoke.

"Aha! merry times are doing there to-night," said Carl Spich. "I would go there with the devil if he would take me."

Only for Heinrich Strutzenwaller, the others would have gone their ways thinking Carl a bold man because of this speech. "You would do nothing of the kind," said Heinrich.

"Yes, but I would," said Carl Spich.

"You would scamper like a little rabbit if the Evil One were to show so much as the tip of his nose," said Heinrich.

"Listen!" said Carl; "I would give three drops of blood to the devil to be in that warm place."

Then some one touched his arm very softly. "If you will come with me you shall go, Carl Spich," said a voice that rang as thin as a silver penny.

All turned and looked, for none of them had seen the stranger come amongst them. Maybe the snow had deadened his footsteps; maybe it was the devil.

The stranger was muffled in a thick black cloak, and the five could see by the white moonlight that he had a club-foot.

"Who are you?" said Carl Spich.

"Never mind. Will you come?" said the stranger.

Carl hesitated. "Who knows but this may be the Evil One himself?" thought he in his own mind. But then he bethought him how Heinrich would set the others to laughing if he showed the white feather at this time. "Yes, I will go," said he.

"Come, then."

Then he and the stranger walked away, and the others stood staring after them.

This is why everybody said that Carl Spich went off with the devil.

II.

The tall stranger went limping down the street, and Carl Spich followed behind him. They turned into a narrow by-way, and at the end of it was a grand gilded coach, all glittering in the white frosty light of the moon. Four black horses stood to the coach, and a postilion dressed in red sat astride of each horse. Carl Spich's thoughts were as busy as bees in June. The stranger led him straight to the coach. "Get in," said he.

The moonlight shone in through the glass windows, and Carl could see the inside of the coach as clearly as I can see my ten fingers at this moment. There was a little gray gentleman sitting within. He was dressed in black satin from top to toe, and upon his head he wore a black hat trimmed with black feathers. Over his shoulder was a black cloak lined with scarlet, and with it he muffled his face so that Carl could not see his features clearly. All this Carl observed in the moment that he stood with his foot on the step of the coach.

"Get in," said the tall stranger again.

Then Carl stepped in. The other gave an order to one of the postilions, and then stepped in after him. The door was shut with a bang, the postilions cracked their whips, and away rumbled the coach with Carl Spich inside of it.

"Put these on," said the tall stranger; and he flung a bundle on Carl's knees. It was a sky-blue court suit, richly embroidered with gold. Carl had never seen such splendid clothes in all his life before. He said nothing, but he did as he was bidden, and when he was dressed in his new suit he looked as fine as any prince. Then the tall stranger gave him a sword, which he buckled around his waist.

Meantime the coach flew silently along through the deep snow, and the light from the windows of the houses flashed by the coach windows like the vision of a dream. After a while they grew fewer and more few, the coach moved slowly, and Carl Spich knew that they were climbing a hill.

All this time not a word was said between the three, and Carl wondered what folks they were with whom he was riding. Presently he caught sight of gleaming lights ahead, and at last the coach stopped, and the door was opened.

"Get out," said the tall stranger; and Carl Spich, much wondering at all that was befalling him, stepped down into the snow, and the other followed at his heels.

When Carl looked around he saw a long flight of stone steps in front of him. Above him rose a high, dark wall, through the windows of which shone a warm, ruddy light from within. Away to the south, and far below him, lay the town, bathed in the silent moonlight; then he knew that he had been brought to the castle.

The little gray gentleman in black spoke in a cold, hard voice, and for the first time: "Remember, this one must be gone at twelve exactly, for then Count Ernest will send the other. Let him be gone not a minute later than that time."

The tall stranger said nothing, but he bowed very low. Then the coach rumbled away into the darkness again, with the little gray gentleman in it.

Carl Spich wondered if he could be the devil's uncle.

The tall stranger spoke. "Listen," said he. "I will take you where you shall have much to eat and drink, and that of the best. You shall have only one thing to do: say 'No' to everything that is asked you, and do whatever I tell you to do. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Herr Lord," said Carl Spich, for he saw by this time that the stranger was of some account.

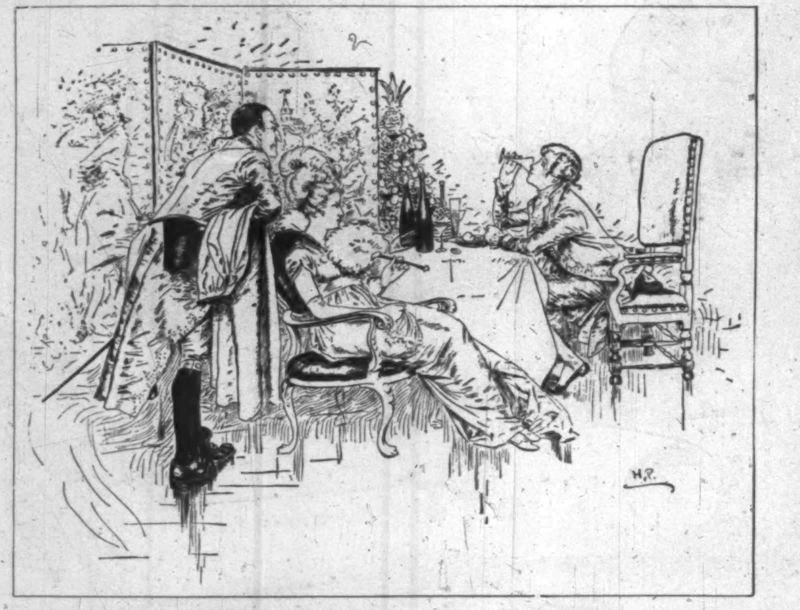
"Call me Councillor, and nothing else," said the other. "Do as I tell you, and all will go well. Do you understand?" he repeated.

"Yes, Councillor," said Carl Spich.

Then they went together up the long flight of steps, and into the hall of the castle. For a moment Carl Spich was dizzy with the light and the warmth and the new things that he saw, for he had never looked upon the like before. He saw in a half-dazed way that a long marble hallway stretched before him, and that at the end of it was a flight of marble steps that led to another hallway above. Rich carpets lay upon the ground, and a crimson carpet ran from the top to the bottom of the flight of steps. A thousand and one waxen candles glittered like so many stars, filling all the place with light, and a row of servants in gold-embroidered clothes stood in a line along the hallway and on the stairs. All this was finer than even Herr Councilman Axel's house, the inside of which Carl had seen one day, when he went there to mend the great closet lock.

But Carl had little time to think of this, for the tall stranger led him straight across the hall and up the stairs, and all of the servants bowed low as he passed them. Then they walked along the hall above, which was as rich and as bright as that below. At the end of this hall was a great archway, and through it Carl could see a crowd of people moving about the room within. Before he had time to gather his wits he and the tall stranger had passed through the archway, and were two of the many folks that were there.

If he had been bewildered before, he was more than bewildered now. He had never seen so many people in one place in all of his life before—without it was at the great fair at Mechlin. In his ears sounded the buzz and hum of many voices; it was like the murmur of the wind through the pine forests. Before his eyes was a blur of feathers, satins, and jewels, lace, colors, and patches, bright eyes, coral lips, and white throats, all of a jumble together. He stood close to the doorway, and saw all this as in a bewildered dream, but he knew that the tall stranger was standing close behind him.



"THE TALL STRANGER WITH THE CLUB-FOOT STOOD BESIDE HER."

Suddenly the buzz and hum of the many voices ceased, and a restless hush fell over all the room, while every eye was fixed upon him. The crowd opened somewhat, and he saw at the other end of the room an old gentleman dressed in black velvet. He was sitting upon a great velvet-covered chair, and above him was a canopy of yellow silk. Across his waistcoat was a broad blue ribbon, and on his breast was a golden star gleaming with jewels. A small lady with golden hair sat by his side on his right hand, and even at that distance Carl Spich could see that she was very beautiful. A group of gentlemen and ladies stood around these two; all of them were dressed in rich and bright colors, and many jewels sparkled like stars as they flashed in the light of the waxen candles.

Carl Spich saw that they were looking at him. The old lord—for Carl knew that he was a lord—turned his head, and a stout gentleman who bore a long staff in his hand stepped forward and bowed low before him. A few words were said, and then the stout gentleman with the staff came toward the spot where Carl and the tall stranger were standing.

A voice whispered in his ear, "Remember!" It was the voice of him who stood close behind him.

When the stout gentleman came close to where Carl was standing he bowed very low. "Your Highness just in time," said he.

Carl Spich's wits were all in a tumble, but even in his confusion he remembered what the tall stranger had bidden him to say. "No," said he.

The other smiled. "Your Highness pleased to be pleasant," said he; "but since your Highness says so, you are *not* in time, for we have been waiting your coming for nearly half an hour."

"No," said Carl Spich.

To this the stout gentleman made no reply, but only bowed again. "I am bidden," said he, "to ask you if you will be pleased to open the dance with her Highness."

"No," said Carl Spich.

At this the stout gentleman's face grew as white as wax, his eyes opened big and round, and he gaped like a fish newly dragged out of the water. "How?" said he.

"No," said Carl Spich.

The other stood for a moment as though bereft of speech. "Your—your Highness pleased to jest," he repeated at last.

"No," said Carl Spich.

The stout gentleman shuddered as though the room was cold. "Your Highness will not do as you are told?"

"No," said Carl Spich.

The stout gentleman stood for a moment as though he did not know what to do next; then he bowed so low that his stomach pressed against his knees. After that he went back again to the lord and lady at the other end of the room, walking very slowly and stiffly, as though his legs were worked by wires inside of his breeches.

"Well done, Carl Spich," whispered the voice of the tall stranger in his ear; "you have earned your supper well thus far." But, all the same, Carl was frightened at what had passed, for he saw that something had gone very wrong.

While all this had been passing, a lady had come close to where he was standing. Her eyes glittered as bright and as cold as those of a snake. Her hair was as black as the wing of a raven, and she was dressed from top to toe in yellow satin. She was very beautiful, only for the wicked sparkle of her bright eyes.

Once more the voice of the tall stranger was breathed into Carl's ear. "Give your arm to the lady in yellow," it whispered.

Carl did as he was bidden, hardly knowing what he did. The lady in yellow took his arm without a word. Then he and she, with the tall stranger limping behind them, turned toward the crowd, which opened silently at their coming. Every one had seen what had passed, and all were as though they had been turned to stone.

So they left the room, but, before they left, Carl Spich, looking over his shoulder, saw that the old lord under the silken canopy was frowning sternly at him, and that the lady with the golden hair had grown as white as death.

They entered another passageway, at the end of which was a flight of steps leading downward. Here were more rich carpets, and the walls were hung with tapestries in the web of which were woven the figures of many ladies and gentlemen, all engaged in hunting, or in merry sports under the trees of well-kept gardens. As they walked along the passageway they passed the open door of a room much smaller than the one which they had just left. It too was brilliant with the gleam of hundreds of waxen lights. Here were gentlemen and ladies playing at cards, all seated around green-covered tables. Chink! chink! sounded the gold pieces as they changed hands, and Carl opened his eyes very wide, for he would never have believed that there was so much money in all the world if he had not seen it himself.

Then they went down the broad flight of steps and into a great room hung with many pictures of lords in armor and ladies in silks and feathers. Statues of white marble stood around the walls, and six high windows on one side looked out upon the blackness of the winter night without.

But that which caught Carl Spich's eyes the most was neither pictures nor statues, but a long polished table, glittering with hundreds of lights, and heaped with great piles of fruit of many kinds, flowers, sweet cakes, and bonbons.

The three were the only ones in all the great room. Carl stood gaping, bewildered at the sight before his eyes; the lady and the tall stranger stood at a little distance, for the lady had not held his arm since they had left the room above.

"Sit down and eat your fill, fool, but make haste about it, for time is growing precious," said the tall stranger.

"Eat of these things?" said Carl Spich, opening his eyes until they were as wide as saucers, for he could not believe that his ears heard aright.

"Yes," said the tall stranger; "only make haste in your eating."

After this Carl needed no further bidding, but, dragging up a chair, he sat him down at the table and ate as he had never eaten before. He ate peaches and apricots as though they were no more than so many turnips, he ate rich sweet cakes like pretzels, he cracked bonbons between his teeth as though they were acorns, and he quaffed sparkling golden wine as though it was bitter beer. Meantime the lady sat at a distance from him, and the tall stranger with the club-foot stood beside her. All the time that Carl was eating they were talking together, but their voices were so low that he could not have heard a word that was said even if he had stopped his eating to listen, which he did not do.

At last the lady spoke. "Is not the Prince yet done his eating?" she said, and her voice was very scornful.

Carl looked up, and saw that she was not speaking to him, but to the tall stranger who stood beside her.

"Come!" said the tall stranger; "you have surely had enough."

"One more glass of my dear wine," said Carl, who already felt what he had taken.

"No," said the other; "you have had too much already."

Nevertheless, Carl filled up his glass and emptied it. Then he got up from the table, but very slowly, for he felt that he could have eaten more, and he was sorry to go.

Then all three of them left the room together.

III.

They reached the top of the staircase.

"Ah, my dear Prince!" said a pleasant voice. It was a handsome young man dressed in a rich suit of dark blue who spoke. He was leaning against the doorway leading into the room where the players were busy with their cards.

"No," said Carl Spich.

The young man laughed. "No? No what?" said he. "I have asked my Prince no question."

"No," said Carl Spich.

The young man in blue laughed again. "By-the-way," said he, "did your Highness see the Baron Hermann?"

"No," said Carl Spich.

"He was looking for you everywhere. He swears that you shall give him satisfaction. He has been in a sour mood ever since last Wednesday, and vows that the devil was in the game of piquet to make him lose so heavily on the cards."

"No," said Carl Spich.

"Of course not; but then my lord knows the old saying, 'A losing man has a bitter tongue.' Do you play to-night?"

"No," said Carl Spich.

"No? Why not?"

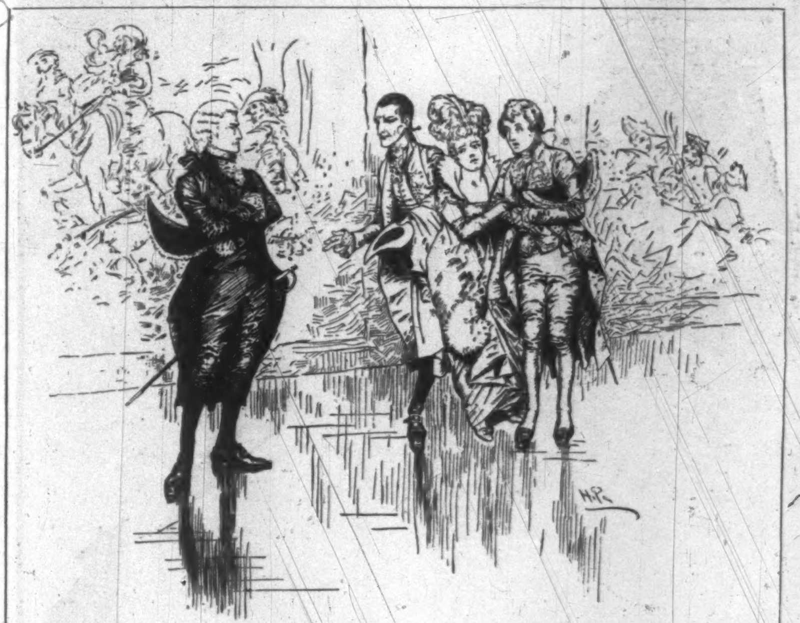
Carl looked up and down, and scratched his head. Here was something that he could not answer with the word "No." "Because," said he, "I have only ten pfennigs in my pocket."

Then the young man laughed for the third time. "You jest," said he. "Ten pfennigs, is it? I take your meaning. Pfennigs are poor bullets to fight the doughty Baron Hermann with. Permit me." He thrust his hand into his pocket and fetched out a purse, which he handed to Carl Spich with a deep bow. Carl took it, scarcely knowing what he did. It was very heavy, and he could see that it was full of gold.

All of this time the lady in yellow had been tapping her foot on the floor as though she was very impatient, or maybe anxious. Then the tall stranger spoke. "Herr Baron," said he, "his Highness has business—great business; stay him no longer."

"I am gone," said the young man, gayly, and bowing low to Carl and the lady in yellow, he turned and walked into the room where the others were at cards.

But Carl Spich stood with the purse of gold in his hand, staring about him, and wondering whether or no all this was not a dream from which he was soon to awaken.



"HE STOPPED WHEN HE HAD COME CLOSE TO CARL."

The tall stranger stamped his club-foot. "What is in the block!" said he. "Keep the purse, fool, but come—come if your neck is worth the saving."

"Yes, come," cried the lady in yellow, clutching him by the arm. "Three minutes to twelve, Herr Councillor. My father brings the other on the hour, so there is little enough time to lose. If we meet another chattering fool like the Baron we are all lost."

"Come! Do you hear? Come!" said the tall stranger again, and he shook Carl fiercely by the arm.

Then Carl wakened, as it were, from a dream, and slipping the purse into his pocket, went on again with the lady and the tall stranger, but he had more gold in his pocket than ever he had had in all of his life before.

The three had not gone ten steps when of a sudden a dark slender young man strode out from the room beyond and came directly toward them. He stopped when he had come close to Carl, and stood directly in his path, with his arms folded. Carl felt the hand of the lady in yellow tremble like a leaf as it lay upon his arm.

Then the dark gentleman spoke: "I have been seeking for you everywhere, and at last I have found you—with those I expected."

"No," said Carl Spich, in a trembling voice, for he felt, though he knew not why, that there was great danger to him in this meeting.

"With those I had expected," repeated the dark gentleman, in a louder voice, and he looked Carl sternly in the eyes as he spoke.

Then the tall stranger stepped forward. "Count Nicholas," said he, "you will not stay his Highness now. He is in great haste, and—do you not see?—a lady present!"

"I see the lady," said the other, and he bowed very low to her as he spoke. "If this noble lord" (he said this very scornfully) "will step aside with me I will speak to him out of the hearing of the Countess;" and then he bowed again, a very low and stately bow.

"No," said Carl Spich.

"You will not step aside with me?"

"No," said Carl Spich.

"Then I must speak to you in the Countess's presence," said the other, in a quiet voice. "You will be pleased to tell me why you publicly slighted her Highness, my cousin, before the whole court as you did a short time since?"

"Perhaps the Count Nicholas can answer that question himself," said the tall stranger.

The dark gentleman shot a glance at the other, but he answered never a word. It was to Carl Spich that he spoke when he opened his lips again. "Will you explain that which I ask?" said he.

The lady in yellow clasped her hands. "Herr Count," cried she—and she made as though she would go on her knees to the dark gentleman—"I beg, I beseech, I implore you to let his Highness take me to my coach! He will explain all when he returns."

But still the dark gentleman stood looking at Carl as though waiting for his answer. "Will you explain?" said he again.

"No," said Carl Spich. His knees smote together as he spoke, and he trembled like a hare when it finds itself caught in the gin, for he knew that a web of trouble was being woven about him. His wits were, maybe, thick, but the thought had bored through them that he was a puppet in the hands of great people, that he was dancing while somebody else fiddled.

"You will not explain?"

"No," said Carl Spich. His heart was crumbling away within him as he spoke, and there was a great humming in his ears.

"Then, sir," said the dark gentleman, "I will ask you to answer me in another fashion in the court-yard below;" and he clapped his hand to his sword as he spoke. "The Countess Margaretta will have to excuse you for a short time. Will you come?"

Carl Spich knew that this meant to go and fight with swords. His legs felt as slack as empty sausage-skins, and he needed no bidding from the tall stranger to shape his answer to this.

"No," said he.

The other looked at him for a long while, and his lips curled in a contemptuous smile. He held a pair of gloves in his hand, and suddenly he raised his arm and smote Carl in the face with one of them.

"Will you come with me now?" said he.

"No," said Carl Spich, almost crying as he spoke.

The dark stranger looked at him as though he would wither him body and limb where he stood. "I wish the Countess joy," said he, in a voice that was as bitter as gall with the scorn in it. As he spoke he bowed very low to the lady; then he turned on his heel, and strode away without looking around.

The lady in yellow was as white as death, and the tall stranger's pale face was paler than ever.

"Come," hissed he in Carl's ear, and as he spoke he grasped him by the arm, until poor Carl felt as though the bone was cracking. "Take his arm, Countess, and get him away if you can; there is no time to lose."

The lady in yellow laughed a bitter, ringing laugh. "If heads are going to fall, yours will be in the basket amongst them, Herr Councillor," said she.

As she spoke the castle bell tolled twelve o'clock. They entered the great room where the dancers were taking their places for the minuet. The lady in yellow was leaning upon Carl's arm, and the tall stranger followed close behind them.

Carl looked straight ahead of him toward the door at the other side of the room, for he was now as eager to leave the castle as he had been to enter it an hour before. Suddenly two figures appeared walking slowly in at the other doorway. One of them was the little gray gentleman in black; the other, it was as though Carl Spich's image had stepped out of a looking-glass and was coming forward to meet him, for there he was—face, figure, form, sky-blue court suit embroidered with gold, and all.

The lady in yellow snatched her hand away from Carl's arm, and when he looked around he saw that he was standing alone, for the tall stranger had vanished in the crowd, as the lady herself had done.

The next minute Carl Spich's double caught sight of him. He stared blankly at him for an instant, and then he strode forward and stood close in front of him. There was a moment of silence so dead and so deep that you might have heard a feather fall to the ground. Carl Spich knew as well as though all the world had told him who it was that was standing face to face with him.

"Who are you?" said the other at last.

Carl tried to answer, but the words would not come; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he felt a creeping in his scalp as though his hair was rising on end upon his head.

"Who are you?" said the other again.

Then Carl found his tongue. "Herr Prince Fritz, I—I am Carl Spich, the blacksmith."

IV.

Half an hour later Carl Spich was sitting in the guard-house in the court-yard of the castle, and a soldier with a musket was standing guard at the door. He could hardly tell what had passed after he had answered the Prince's question. Many other questions had followed, a crowd had gathered around him, and at last two soldiers had come forward and had led him off. Here he was now, cooling his heels in the castle guard-house. He had a great while for thinking, and the thoughts that he hatched were as black as crows. He knew that he was a fool, and that he had bred mischief, as fools oftentimes do; he knew that bad people had been using him for their tool, and he knew that bad people throw away their tools when they have done with them, and do not care where they may fall. What would they do to him? Shoot him, perhaps, or fling him into one of the dungeons that folks said ran everywhere under the old castle, like so many mole burrows, or sew him in a sack and tumble him heels over neck from the high rock on which the castle stood. So you see, as I said, his thoughts were as black as crows.

After a great while a little gentleman dressed all in brown came with the captain of the guards and said that Carl was to go to the council chamber.

"Now, Carl Spich, stir up thy wits!" said Carl to himself, as he arose from the hard bench where he had been sitting for all this long time. Then he and those with him went up several flights of stairs and through passageways until they came at last to a door beside which stood a soldier with a fixed bayonet. But during this time Carl had made up his mind to seem to be the fool that everybody thought him. "For," said he to himself, "many a fool misses the pit that wise men fall into."

The little gentleman in brown spoke a word to the soldier, and then he and Carl entered, and the door was closed behind them.

There was a long table with a red cloth upon it in the middle of the room. At the head of the table, in a great leathern arm-chair, sat the old gentleman with the blue ribbon across his waistcoat and the golden star on his breast. Beside him sat Carl's double, the young Prince ~~Fritz.~~ The little gray gentleman in black stood near to them. Six or eight other gentlemen sat around the table, and amongst them sat the tall stranger with the club-foot.

The old gentleman at the head of the table bade Carl tell his story, which he did, as well as he was able, considering the fright he was in. They all listened silently to him while he spoke.

"Who was it that brought you here?" said the old gentleman when he had made an end of his story.

"If it please you, Herr Lord," said Carl, "I thought it was the devil and his uncle."

Everybody smiled at this but the little gray gentleman in black and the tall stranger with the club-foot.

"Do you not yet know who they are?" said the old gentleman.

"No, Herr Lord," said Carl, "only this, that one had a club-foot, and everybody called him Councillor."

The tall stranger grew pale to the lips. "That is a lie!" said he, hastily.

"Herr Lord," said Carl, "I did not say that it was the gentleman; but he said it was *not* him; so, good! it could not have been him."

After this the tall stranger said nothing more, but he looked very much troubled.

"The poor man is an idiot, and does not know what he says," whispered the little gray gentleman in black to the old lord, beside whom he stood.

But Carl heard what he said, for his ears were sharp. "So many folk say," said he, "but how does the Herr Lord know that? for I spoke no word to him in all of the time that we were in the coach together."

"Do you mean to say that I brought you here in my coach?" said the little gentleman, sharply.

"Ah, no, Herr Lord!" said Carl Spich; "it was the other Herr Lord that brought me. You were only waiting for us at the end of the street, and you went away again as soon as I got out of the coach at the bottom of the castle steps. That was all."

The gentleman with the star on his breast looked very black at all this. "Take him away," said he. But as Carl was led out of the room he heard the old lord say to the young Prince, "This all comes from your love of gaming, Fritz."

Then they took Carl back to the guard-house, and there he spent the night.

The next morning Prince Fritz came to the guard-house where Carl was still lodging, and, sitting down, bade him tell his story all over again. So Carl did as he was bidden, and the Prince listened to him silently until he had made an end. He looked very keenly at him all the time.

"Wiser people have used you as a tool, Carl Spich," said he; "nevertheless, I take it you are more of a knave than a fool. But, fool or no fool, keep your tongue silent concerning all this."

He spoke in such a tone that Carl never dared breathe a word of what had befallen him, even to his wife, when he married Catherine Betzen six months later.

Then the Prince told him that he was to be the castle farrier so long as he should hold his tongue. So, as Carl Spich was wise enough to tell nothing, his fortune was made.

I know all about it, because a story-teller knows everything, even the inside of people's souls that they never see themselves. But everybody else said that he spent the night with the devil.

EPILOGUE.

So my story is told, and it only remains for me to gather up the loose ends and to tie them into a knot, as old women knot the threads at the toe of the stocking that they have finished knitting.

Prince Fritz married the Duchess Marie.

Count Siegmund left the court soon after New-Year's night.

So did the Countess Margaretta, his daughter.

So did Herr Councillor Faulk, with his club-foot.

And now my knot is tied and my story ended.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The desire to read human character by external signs has been felt in the world for a long time now. The phrenologists have asserted themselves most, and bumps on the skull have been the best trusted to indicate the workings and tendencies of the mind within. Novelists and essayists of transcendental reachings have also advanced the human thumb and the human back as give-aways of the mental and psychical complexions of persons. Mr. George Macdonald, lawyer and novelist, of London, for instance, speaks of the infinite appeal and expression of a human back. He makes it out a sort of eloquent blind wall, calculated to affect any beholder. Finger-nails are the matters that explorers have most recently turned to as the indices of interior traits. Long and slender nails, it is said, show imagination, poetic feeling, and laziness; long and flat nails show good sense, gravity, and prudence; wide and short nails, anger, obstinacy, rudeness, and the love of controversy; dry and brittle nails, anger, cruelty, and fierce quarrelsomeness; curved and claw-like nails, hypocrisy and wickedness; soft nails, feebleness of body and mind; and bitten nails, dissipation and folly.

If every cigar made in this country represented a dollar paid toward the discharge of the national debt, the debt would be gone in less than a year. Three billion cigars are manufactured here annually. Some are not very good, and this sort includes those of which four are sold for ten cents.

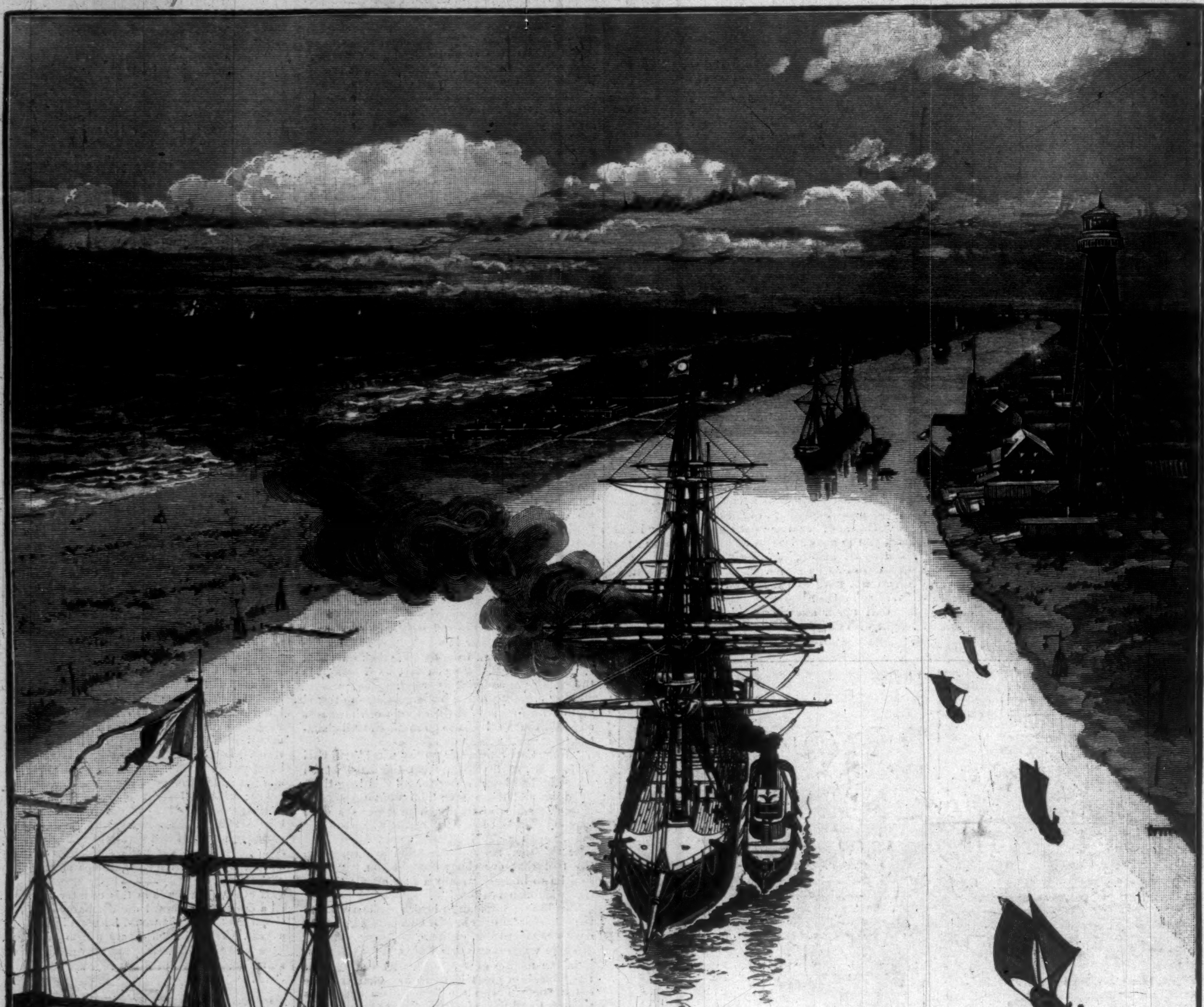
The week before Christmas was marked by many violent exhibitions of nature. The rain swept down, the snow flew madly, and a blizzard out of Manitoba withered the city to the heart with its icy touch. Then New Haven Harbor was swept by an eight-foot tidal wave, and lower New York was flooded ankle-deep with rain-water shot into it from the Brooklyn Bridge. But through all this, in rain and snow and flood and terrific blizzard, the little brown-coated English sparrows hopped defiantly about the streets, in fierce and buoyant health, looking for crumbs.

The oldest American college student is said to to be a minister of the Gospel who entered the class of 1832 in the University of Vermont, and failing to complete the course, has entered the class of 1885, at the age of eighty-three years. If the old gentleman allows a few more classes to slip by him, his friends fear that he will not graduate at all. They are solicitous lest he should continue to be one of the boys at the age of ninety.

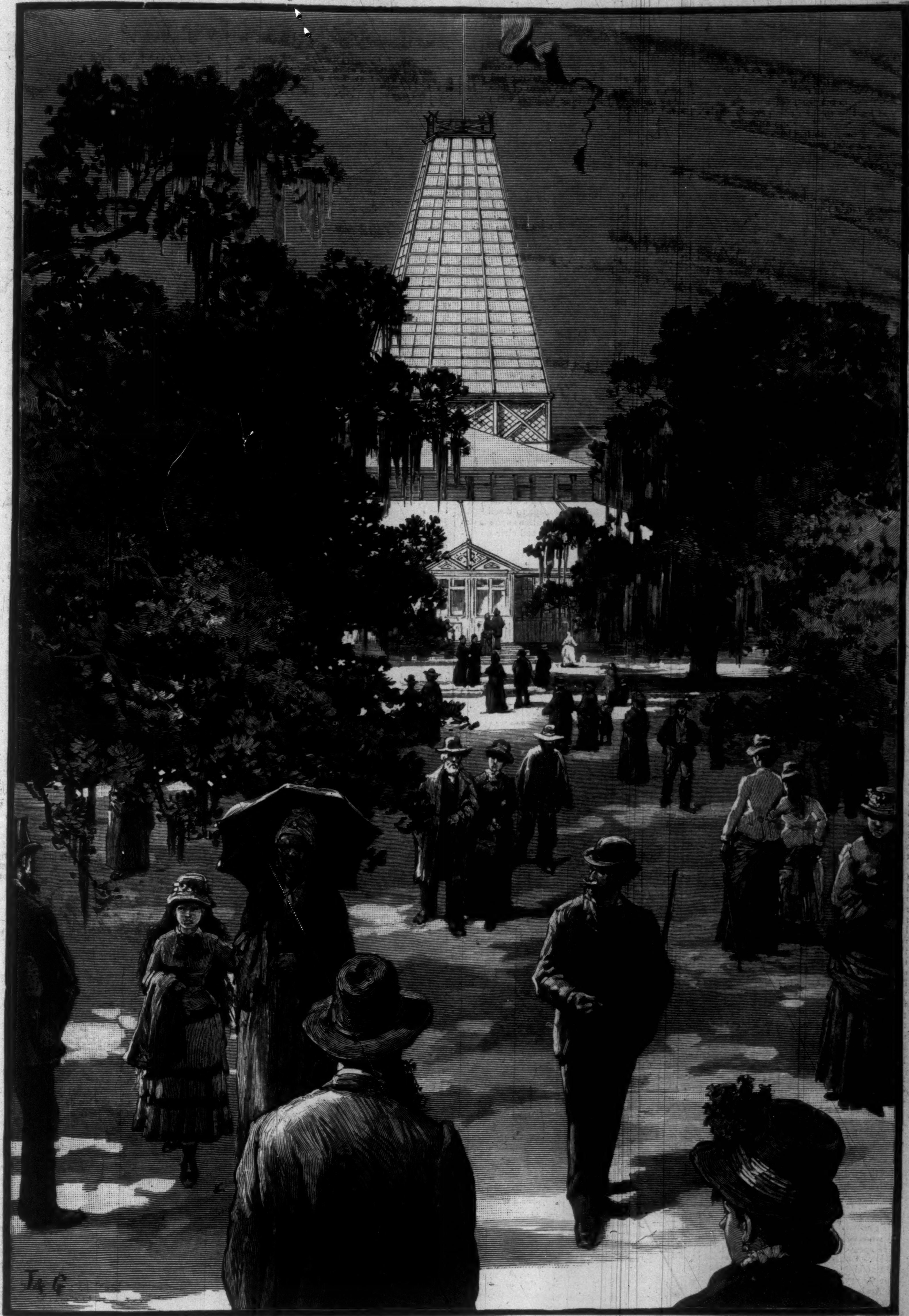
It has been discovered in Paris that ground glass is as good for floors as cut glass is for decanters. It costs more than boards, but it gives promise of wearing forever, and it lets in lots of light all the way down to the cellar.

A Boston newspaper says that seal-skin sacques are now worn by carters' wives and green-grocers' daughters in that town, and that fashionable ladies are no longer seen in them. Nobody with the least understanding will deny that anything is possible in Boston; but it is still an axiom in New York that a green-grocer's daughter with a seal-skin sacque is an object of intense envy to a fashionable lady who does not own one.

One by one the blessed things of America creep into conservative England, and this is what the *Saturday Review* says in regard to the political terms of this free land: "That ill-shaped verb 'to gerrymander' has recently been incorporated in the vocabulary of the contemporary politician. In due course of time the British public may come to use a further variety of American political phrases. A British statesman may point with pride to his record, and he may denounce with vehemence and emphasis those who bolt the regular nomination and who do not vote the straight ticket. It may be that in a few years a little knot of party managers will prepare the slate, and that a little group of British mugwumps, equally determined, will rise in their might and upset the carefully prepared machinery, and so break the slate."



THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION—VESSELS IN THE SOUTH PASS.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 14.]



THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION—THE APPROACH TO HORTICULTURAL HALL.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup and Charles Graham.—[See Page 14.]

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

I.

The plan for an industrial exhibit at New Orleans in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the first exportation of American cotton to England had been long discussed before the idea of so colossal an undertaking as a universal exposition had been dreamed of. The latter project was an evolution of the former, a highly complex enterprise developed from a simple one—simple at least in so far as its purpose was almost purely special. After the attention of the merchants of the South had been strongly directed to the industrial importance of expositions by Mr. Edward Atkinson, it was decided by the National Cotton-Planters' Association to celebrate the cotton centennial upon a very imposing scale at New Orleans in 1884. The subsequent expansion of this purpose into a far more colossal undertaking might not have had its actual inception in any suggestion from Major E. A. Burke, but it was certainly from the moment he accepted the directorship of the enterprise that it began to assume a really phenomenal character. A man whose public career bears witness to talents and personal force of a very uncommon order, Major Burke's already large burden of responsibilities as Louisiana State Treasurer and as proprietor of a great daily newspaper did not deter him from accepting the far weightier duties of the directorship. As a journalist the Major had already astonished the somewhat old-fashioned ideas of the South by novel enterprises of a magnitude without local precedent: he was the first to establish a Southern daily worthy to compare with the great newspapers of the North; he had sent an expedition of picked men to explore the Everglades of Florida, and, contrary to all expectation, had solved the mystery of that region; he had spent money with seeming recklessness in efforts to compel commercial attention to Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies by means of Spanish correspondents and the publication of special Spanish editions of his paper, and had finally succeeded. His project to establish a regular line of newspapers under one general direction from Mexico city to the Northeast, gigantic as it might seem, was a serious business conception, and will probably be realized at a later day. Under the management of a man of such large ideas, it was naturally to be expected that the Exposition plan would expand into something surprising. But the surprise so far exceeded the most hopeful expectation that no little skepticism was shown, especially among the more provincial and old-fashioned population of New Orleans. The undertaking, many declared, was too gigantic and too costly to be completed in many years; to talk of completing it in a twelvemonth was contrary to common-sense! Weeks passed, and the very choice of a location had not yet been determined, and skepticism increased. But at last the signal was given, and the enormous work began. A remarkable Swedish architect named Torgerson had undertaken to construct the largest exposition building that had ever been built, for the least sum ever expended upon such an erection. Under the efforts of three thousand laborers the prodigious skeleton of the edifice rose into shape, and day by day the fabric grew into solid beauty, like a creation of magic. Skeptics vowed that no human architect could complete it with the materials at hand, and it was triumphantly finished before their eyes, the largest single building constructed in modern times. Fancy thirty-three acres under one roof—a million six hundred and fifty-six thousand and thirty square feet under ceiling—without partitions! The Music Hall alone can seat eleven thousand people, yet the visitor who enters the gates has to ask his way thither.

Though much exceeding the dimensions of the Crystal Palace of London, the single Main Building of the Exposition is not interesting merely by reason of its enormity. It is really grandiose in style as in conception, with its immense Renaissance façades, its bannered towers, its miles of galleries, and the snow-white slopes of its sanded roof gleaming between the blue of the sky and the green-gray tint of the walls. The choice of the Upper City Park for the site was an excellent one, and it is doubtful whether so large a building could have appeared to more picturesque advantage elsewhere, with equal means of access by river and railroad. The fine groves of oak, all tapestried with Spanish moss, remain to surprise the Northern stranger with suggestions of Louisiana forest beauties, and the original charm of the locality has been greatly enhanced by the transplantation thither of a whole wood of orange-trees.

But the Main Building is only one of many extraordinary edifices devoted to the international exhibit. That erected by the United States government is also of uncommon magnitude (885 feet long by 565 feet wide). The architect was the same wonderful Swede, and the style is similar to that of the Main Building, but more harmonious in its proportions. A structure intended to endure, and yielding to none in beauty, is Horticultural Hall, a vast conservatory devoted especially to the display of tropical flora, and destined, it is hoped, to form the nucleus of a New Orleans Jardin des Plantes. It has a length of 600 feet, a width of 194, and its central part is lofty enough to shelter the tallest tropical palms. The buildings erected by the Mexican government, under the supervision of Señor De Ybarrola, also deserve special mention in this necessarily general review. One is a Moresque octagonal building of light and fantastic style, decorated with much elegant tracery, and with strong, bright coloring in the Arabesque manner. This will be devoted to mineralogy. The other is constructed on the plan of an elegant hacienda, with a broad court beautified with Mexican flora and with fountains.

Between six and seven hundred thousand dollars had been raised for the undertaking before it had received full recognition from the Federal government and a government loan of one million. Simultaneously with this advance the whole plan and purpose of the enterprise was expanded to the utmost. American ministers and consuls abroad officially invited foreign governments to participate in the grand international display, while the managers of the Exposition advertised the project as no other undertaking had ever been advertised in the same space of time. In many instances advertising business was transacted by telegraph, and almost every foreign journal in the world shared in the work of notification. Oriental governments, such as Persia, Siam, Japan, and China, soon manifested their interest in the enterprise, Europe promised even more than had been expected, and some twenty-four thousand applications for space were made. The Director-General had undertaken to accomplish in less than twelve months, and with less than $1,700,000, what had been done by the Philadelphia Exposition in four years' time with $7,000,000. Arrangements were made for the display of everything which could be displayed within the twelve departments of agriculture, horticulture, pisciculture, mineralogy, raw and manufactured products, furniture and upholstery, textile fabrics, industrial arts, alimentary products, education, art, and natural history. But through all the enormous whirl of the business chaos which the Director-General had to fix and crystallize into orderly arrangement he had never suffered himself to lose sight of the great purpose to which he had previously devoted his wealth and energies as a journalist—the development of Central and South American trade, and the establishment of more intimate commercial relations with Spanish America and the West Indies. This purpose has revealed itself admirably in the completed plans of the Exposition; for the Antilles and the sister republics will be industrially represented as never before, and the tropical and semi-tropical displays of various kinds will prove, I suspect, the most unique and attractives feature of the Exposition.

II.

The opening was grand; its more important details have already been flashed over the world by telegraph. I can not attempt to dwell upon the universal fluttering of decorations upon masts and buildings, the long military and civic processions, the picturesque Mexican regiments with their bands playing strange national airs, the wonderful costumes of Oriental officials, the imposing body of foreign and United States dignitaries, the outpouring by rail and river, the pealing of cannon, the messages of congratulation, the changes rung by a master ringer upon the gigantic chime of bells, the opening prayer of Talmage before a multitude of perhaps twenty-seven thousand people, the addresses, the gathering of Governors of States, the pressure by President Arthur's finger of that electric button in distant Washington which gave motion to the mighty Corliss engine. All these matters have been fully dwelt upon. I will only attempt to describe a few impressions. One of these was the impression of immensity, a very singular one, due in part, no doubt, to the unique construction of the monstrous building in which the ceremony took place. Beneath those acres of roofing, among those bewildering vistas of pillars, in the presence of an ocean of faces, one felt like an insect. Above, around, on every side the booming of preparation that dared not pause echoed and re-echoed like a storm, and from without came to us a surging sound as of seas, the murmuring of multitudes.

But to many the most impressive feature of the occasion was the apparition of the creator of all this huge plan—an apparition greeted by one solid thunder-peal of applause from twenty thousand throats. The Director-General had been little seen upon the streets for a twelvemonth; he had remained invisible to the public gaze, closeted with his duty. Rumors of the most extraordinary and sometimes of the most unjust kind had been freely circulated about him, and without provoking him to the least momentary neglect of his responsibilities. He had conquered the skepticism, the indifference, or the selfishness of opposition by sheer firmness of purpose and force of will; and when he rose in the hour of his triumph to answer doubt by certainties, to confute false predictions by irresistible facts, to present the grand buildings to the President of the Exposition body-corporate, Edmund Richardson, the greatest cotton planter, such a cheer went up that every timber in all the edifice vibrated to the roar. The people of New Orleans seemed to comprehend the man at that moment better than they ever did before in presence of the majestic results of his energy; there was sincere enthusiasm in those successive bursts of acclamation which drowned out all the multitudinous din of skilled labor without.

But the Major stood before them, white as a ghost, thin, pale, the mere spectre of that vigorous brown-haired man who walked the city streets with so light and rapid a step only twelve months before. He seemed to have aged by a full score of years. He tried to speak, and the press reported fully the modest and manly address which he uttered. But the enormous audience, which had vainly striven to hear even the powerful voice of Doctor Talmage, failed altogether to hear the words of the Director-General. No human voice could fill that huge edifice. The people only saw the gray speaker's lips and hands moving, only heard the multifold sounds of labor without, but applauded as sincerely and as furiously as they knew how. The very refusal of the building to render up the words dropped into it seemed to me a sort of dumb, grim compliment to the man whose voice was thus swallowed up by the very immensity of his own work.

Lafcadio Hearn.

New Orleans, *December* 17, 1884.

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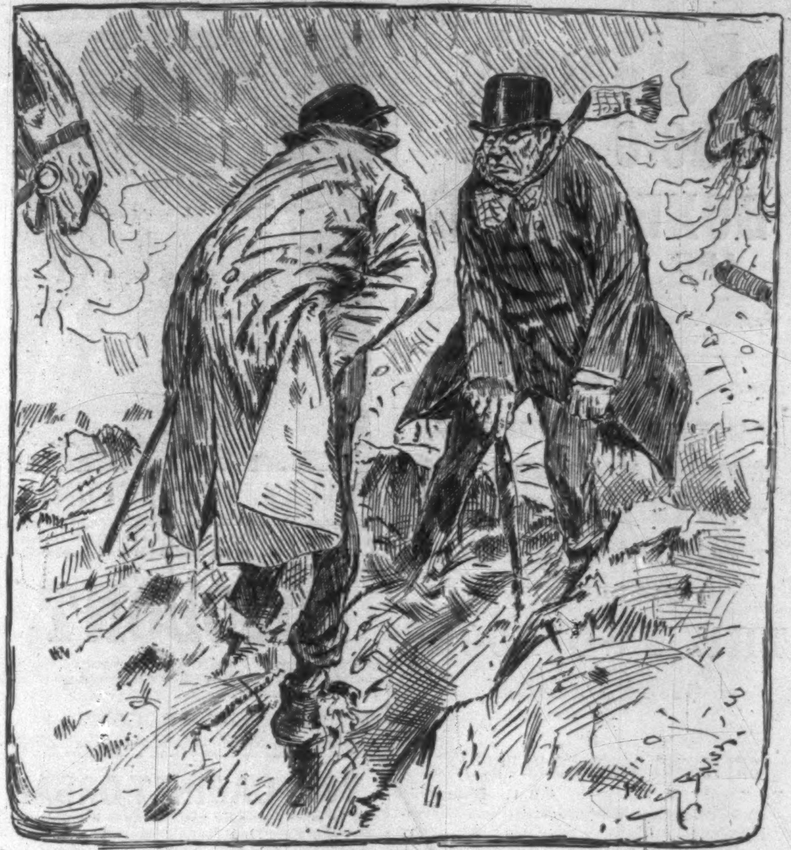

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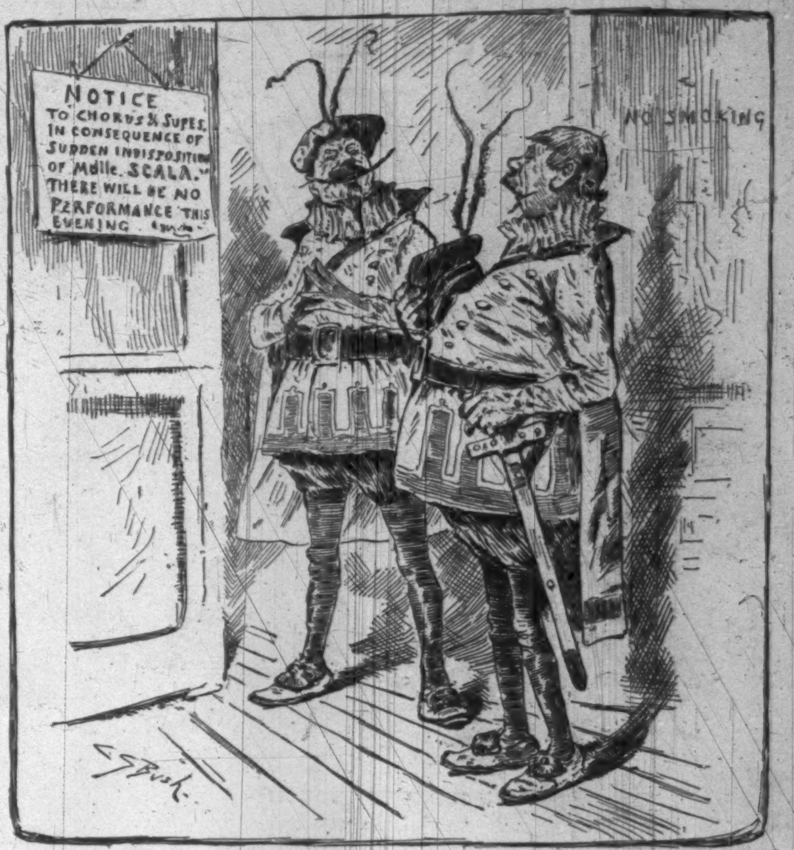
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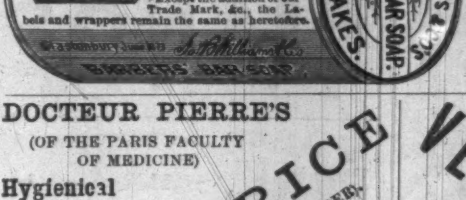

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